THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WHEN THIS SHORT LIFE IS O'ER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GENEVA.

When this short life is o'er
Our kindred souls shall surely find each other
On Heaven's blissful shore;
Shall range those shining fields of light together,
To part no more, no more!
When this short life is o'er,
So full of pain no human touch can lighten,
So full of gloom no human art can brighten,
There will be pain and gloom no more;
But joy eternal
And light supernal
On Heaven's blissful shore.
Our kindred souls no more by stern fate parted;
Temptation, sorrow, fear of sin, departed;
We shall not have to shun each other there.
We shall not wander lone and broken-hearted,
Cankered with corroding care,
Wistfully looking for each other ever,
Daring to seek each other never, never,
While ev'n our common pain we may not share.
No, naught of this on Heaven's blissful shore,
Where we shall meet when this brief life is o'er.
Then, courage! fainting soul, despond no more!

Three Lovers at Once.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

PART FIRST.

An eccentric gentleman of Philadelphia, named Woodleigh, had become very rich in trade with the West Indies. In later years he had gone to Havana to reside, and not being an attentive correspondent, all that his family knew of his life there was that he had married the widow of a wealthy planter, thus augmenting his possessions, and that she had died after a few years, without issue, leaving her fortune to her lord.

Mr. Woodleigh then became an object of much interest and speculation to his relatives at home, and these sentiments increased to positive enthusiasm, when after an absence of fifteen years he announced his intention of revisiting his native city.

The letter in which this determination was conveyed was addressed to his half-sister, Mrs. Loder, who having two sons and a daughter just entering life, was both flattered and fluttered by its reception. He wrote—

"I am old enough to read, and rich enough to afford myself the pleasure of cultivating a few friends among the young people who have grown up while I have been too exclusively devoted to business to more than remember their existence. A man should know something of the race that will succeed him."

Mrs. Loder read this aloud in the family presence; she was a widow and sufficiently straitened in circumstances to make such a prospect one of immense importance to her. In appearance she was thin and wiry and restless, for the burden of her children's future continually pressed on her mind, and not being content to allow them, with health and hope and a small beginning, to fight their own way through the world, she destroyed her peace in devising and being disappointed in endless schemes for their sudden aggrandizement.

She folded the letter and looked triumphantly on them all.

"This is your chance," she said, emphatically. "I always knew it would come, and now it's here."

"Is it, though?" remarked Tom Loder, irreverently. He was the younger son and a matter-of-fact fellow, besides being a hard worker, not given to belief in dreams or fancies. He had just entered a wholesale tea and sugar house as junior partner, after forcing himself into notice as a reliable, trustworthy clerk.

He pushed his hat on his head in his downright way, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, went on—

"I've heard that before, but I don't believe in the system. Just go right on minding your own business and doing your duty, and you'll always have a chance without waiting for an opportunity to toady to any one."

Having thus relieved his mind, he departed, and Frank and Caroline, the remaining members of the family circle, glanced at each other, and shrugged their shoulders as a comment on his views.

Mrs. Loder looked dismayed.

"I trust he won't explode in that brusque manner of his, and ruin other people's prospects," she said. "I haven't an expectation for him with your uncle, but I hope he'll keep quiet out of regard for you."

"Ma," drawled Caroline, and it was so much her nature to drawl and to yawn, that these were the only two things she ever did feelingly or well; "won't uncle Woodleigh be likely to fancy cousin Esther Grover?"

"Of course he will," said her brother, who had been thoughtfully consulting his own mind since his mother folded up the letter. "Carrie isn't very far-seeing as a general thing, but she has looked into the root of the trouble there. He will fancy Esther Grover—and he had better find us on friendly terms with her when he comes. Ask her here."

On the judgment and decision of this son, Mrs. Loder had the utmost reliance. He was supposed to be a law student, but he was at once handsome and lazy, and had set out in life with the determination to have his fortune made for him in some way; as to the exact means he was neither very clear nor very scrupulous. He had more cunning and tact than his sister, and without an absolute belief in his mother's plans, was always willing to give them the advantage of a trial when they promised anything to himself.

"Have her here?" repeated his mother, slowly. "I confess I can't see the policy of such a plan. While she is out with the Fenleys, with whom your uncle never was on good terms, she'll be out of the way, and—"

"And you're a very short-sighted woman in spite of your wisdom," returned her son, rising and breaking up the conference. "Esther Grover is his grand-niece and an orphan beauty, three points of interest to attract him to the Fenleys, and make him forget old sores, as well as lessen our influence. Have her here, as I said, and he'll never think of them at all. Of course he'll be interested in her, but his interest in her will extend to us, her protectors. I can't see how we are to make out a sole proprietorship in this Cuban uncle, though I've tried, but I can readily understand that combining with Essie we can keep him between us."

Thus delivering the law, Mr. Frank Loder, who was valued by society on his reputation of being "so handsome, and thoroughly gentleman-like," politely bade his mother and sister good-morning, feeling that his wishes would be sacred in their eyes.

Caroline Loder, if her own tastes were consulted, had rather not have gone to the Fenleys, her distant cousins, to beg Esther to come and make them a long visit. Perhaps no two people in the wide world could have been more opposite in everything than these two. Caroline was a year older than Esther, and being tall, slender, soft-spoken, dark-eyed and indolent—was called a gentle beauty, with more judgment and maturer mind than the fair, buoyant, impulsive, high-spirited Esther—who at nineteen had a womanly figure, the mind of a genius, and the heart of a child.

There was one sad feature in her case, she was very poor, almost dependent; the little her poor father had left her, brought an income barely sufficient to pay for the fine clothes she was obliged to wear as one of society. So her high spirit chafed itself against the bars of circumstance that caged her with her cold, matter-of-fact cousins the Fenleys. Carrie found her bending over some trifling pretence for work, dull and dispirited in the extreme. The fact is she had been devoting the morning to a glance into that most illusive of perspectives, the future—and seeing nothing very charming had come back to the idle, aimless present, and weighing her position as one of a prim, unsympathizing household in which she saw no chance of usefulness or active good, pronounced it very empty and burst into tears.

She had just wiped her eyes when Carrie entered, and she rose to meet her smiling pleasantly, with a strong effort to hide her past feeling.

Carrie's abilities as a diplomat were so perfectly known to her brother, that he charged his mother to trust as little as possible to her verbal persuasion. Mrs. Loder therefore in pursuance of her son's advice, had written a note which Carrie, as she fell into admiration over a bit of her cousin's embroidery, at once delivered.

"Here's a note from ma, Esther," she said, "and we are so anxious to have you come to our house, that I've come to beg you'll not refuse—and do bring the pattern of this sweet thing, and show me how you do it. I want something that won't bother me counting stitches."

Esther read the note. It might have been called a letter, as it was written on four sides in a close, neat hand.

Mrs. Loder knew the nature she addressed pretty well, and had secured a compliance of her wishes in one sentence. After many kind and complimentary phrases she said: "So I venture to promise myself that we shall have you this summer, when I confess that Carrie's music has been totally neglected, and no one but you can do anything with her. Those few lessons you gave her when we were at Saratoga together did more for her than a year's regular tuition."

To be of use, to be needed, was a new pleasure to Esther, and brightened her up directly.

"It is very kind, I'm sure," she said. "I think I shall enjoy it greatly; and as for the embroidery, you can have this, for I got fearfully tired of it—the stitch is nothing, you learn in looking at it."

So, the Fenleys consenting, Esther Grover went over to her new protectors for awhile, and every one was pleased with the arrangement except its victim, Carrie Loder, who suffered from her cousin's energetic desire to be useful to the extent of a long daily lesson and an untiring vigil of practice at the piano. Uncle Woodleigh made no further announcement of his plans, but one afternoon quietly walked in upon the two girls as they sat together at their indefatigable practising.

"How do you do?" he said, coolly. "I told the servants I'd announce myself. How are you all, and where's your mother?"

Esther rose, utterly astonished, and at a loss to account for the intruder. She had heard of uncle Woodleigh, but so seldom and so casually, that he never entered her mind in connection with the person now before her.

Carrie recovered her speech first.

"It's uncle Woodleigh, is it not?" asked she. She was too sluggish to be taken by surprise to any remarkable degree, so she met the new comer with comparative ease of manner. "Ma is out with brother Tom for a drive, and this is cousin Esther Grover," she continued, answering the look he cast on her companion.

"Out for a drive, is she? And this is Esther Grover. Yes, to be sure, Esther Willing's daughter, and very like her, too. Your mother was a romp and a madcap, my dear; do you remember her?"

Poor Esther's only recollection of the face thus suddenly summoned to her memory was of something spiritually white and cold in its immovable beauty, for she had been but a child when she was orphaned and the last look of her mother as she lay in her coffin was the one she remembered best. "A romp and a madcap." The very thought of such a thing seemed sacrilege, and she flushed painfully and looked at her new relative with quivering lips.

"She's dead and gone long ago, I know that," he said kindly. "I liked her more than all the rest of my nieces, and I think of her at her best."

Esther laid down the roll of music she held, and went directly up to uncle Woodleigh. She took his hand in hers and kissed it, with the tears streaming from her eyes.

"Oh, I shall like you so much," she said, "you are the only one of them all who has ever spoken so of my mother."

The new comer seemed surprised, but by no means displeased at the unrestrained impulse of his young relative. He was standing regarding her curiously, and with a whimsical smile on his face, when Mr. Frank Loder entered the room.

He had heard of his uncle's presence from the servant, but he considered it a more effective way of greeting his honored relative to enact a little tableau of surprise, then recognition, followed by delight and enthusiastic welcome.

These performances did not so completely enchain his attention as to render him unobservant of Esther, and inwardly he applauded his own far-sightedness in selecting her as an addition to their family attractions.

Of this family circle uncle Woodleigh immediately became a member. All the policy of their many plans and schemes to please and entangle him within the sphere of their influence exploded in his perfect readiness to be led, his child-like simplicity and delight in all their ways, and the entire submission he showed to all their wills and pleasures. So much so, indeed, that Mrs. Loder remarked, in a congratulatory conference with her son, that even Tom's downright candor was not offensive, and what she had dreaded as an ordeal was no task at all.

"Your uncle Woodleigh is in your own hands, Frank; to be sure he fancies Esther, as we thought, but so do you, I hope, and it is only a stronger link in the chain."

Frank raised his eyebrows a little, and slightly shrugged his shoulders at the mention of Esther's name. "She is so very natural and sentimental and all that, he said, deprecatingly.

His mother said nothing, but her look expressed her opinion, and he went on to console himself with the bright side of the picture.

"She's very handsome," he said, "and she has more mind than most women, if it were only trained; besides, she will not need to be won, I can have her for asking."

Being at heart a puppy, he smiled conceitedly at this view of the case, which was scarcely a true one.

In such an impulsive enthusiast as Esther there are so many emotions that in an exaggerated form may be mistaken for love, that such a man as this could easily be and was deceived in a feeling of which he had little personal knowledge.

Gratitude for uninterrupted kindness and endless attentions, admiration for his good humor and easy temper, pleasure in his cheerful society, all these united to deceive Frank, and even for a time blinded Esther herself under his persuasions, for before the second month of her visit had quite gone, he had made her a proposal of marriage and been almost accepted.

"It may be the best thing I can do," reasoned Esther with herself in the little while she had asked for consideration before she gave her answer. "They are not rich enough to despise me, and I can be useful to them all. I can sew and trim things for aunt Loder, and give Carrie lessons, and play at draughts with Tom, besides doing my duty as Frank's wife. Yes, I think it is the clearest plan of usefulness, and I'm very fond of Frank, you know."

Whom she appealed to for corroboration of her affections did not appear, but it was certainly evident by her uneasy manner and the cloud of perturbation that hung about her usually blithe and happy face, that her mind was not exactly at rest concerning the depth of this same fondness.

A little incident which occurred one day during her time of probation decided her.

Uncle Woodleigh, of whose wealth and importance she could only guess from the family devotion to him, seemed deeply interested in her future prospects, and held many consultations with Mrs. Loder concerning them. It was during one of these solemn conclaves that she entered the parlor to look for some music she had left there and came upon them, the door being ajar and her light step on the soft carpet unheard.

"So then her marriage with Frank being settled," said the old man continuing to speak without perceiving her, "I am relieved from all perplexity. I should have liked to have made him my heir, but the dear girl for her mother's sake and her own loveliness has a double claim on me. Now I can, like Captain Cuttle, settle it on them jointly." Uncle Woodleigh laughed and rubbed his hands in a high state of satisfaction, while Esther stole out as quietly as she had come.

This decided it; she should be the means of bringing Frank, the disinterested lover of her hopeless poverty, both wealth and favor; and since, to her great surprise, she was the chosen heiress of wealth, she should be able to give rather than receive, as had always been her bitter portion.

Elated with the magnanimity of her position, all the temporary distraction of her mind vanished; and beaming with joy she appeared at the tea-table that evening with a gayety that delighted uncle Woodleigh, and almost captivated Frank, who had hitherto regarded himself as rather a victim to his own policy.

"Shall I speak with you awhile," said the old gentleman, as they adjourned to the parlor, and Carrie became absorbed in her stupid knitting. It was early yet in the evening, and neither Frank nor Tom had made their appearance after their inevitable cigars.

Esther was near the window, and Mr. Woodleigh drawing up an easy chair in front of her, nearly forced her into its arms.

"So I shall be at a wedding before I go back to Cuba for the winter," he began abruptly. "Perhaps I shall be able to persuade the bridal party to visit that little town with me."

Esther looked at him a moment in surprise, and then said, frankly,

"Oh, you mean Frank and me. Yes, we are to be married, I believe, that is, I suppose so," and she paused thoughtfully, remembering that he had shown but little impatience in gaining her consent.

Uncle Woodleigh arched his eyebrows.

"Oh, you suppose so," he said; "well that is a mild way of expressing it; and is this union the choice of your heart?"

Esther looked at him inquiringly.

"Why, to be sure," she returned, laughing; "if I had not liked Frank, I could not have thought of such a thing; and besides, it is so entirely suitable—his family don't object to me at all, though most families would, I'm afraid."

"Why?" asked he briefly.

"I shall be obliged to quote what I've been in the habit of hearing for years, when I answer you. Most young gentlemen expect something advantageous in a wife, family connections, wealth, or extreme beauty. So, as I am merely a poor, lonely, simply passable, good-looking girl, I am rather astonished at my good fortune in getting an offer."

"Umph," said uncle Woodleigh, and that was all he said.

That night as Carrie and Esther retired from the parlor together, Frank followed them, and detaining Esther till his sister had ascended the stairs and passed out of sight, he asked her, smilingly,

"When am I to hear that weighty decision, Essie?"

"Now, as well as any other time," she answered; "I might have said yes at once, only I distrust myself at times, because I know how impulsive I am."

"It is yes, then," he said, still smiling. "I am to look on myself as accepted, am I?"

She came down from the step she had mounted before he had spoken to her, and laying her hand on his arm, fixed her full dark eyes very seriously on his face.

"It is I whom you will have to accept—I who am so full of faults and imperfections, so wayward and thoughtless, that I may sorely try your kindness and patience; but I have hidden no failing from you, and you take me for what I am, no more; with my own assurance that I shall strive sincerely to do my faithful duty to you always."

She was so quietly earnest, that not having the same spirit in his own feelings, he felt it difficult to reply, and bit his smiling lips once or twice in the effort.

"You make me very happy by your consent," he said, at length, "and I have no doubt that we shall suit each other admirably."

He rather stammered, and appeared by no means to the same graceful advantage as usual, feeling this perhaps he made haste to say good-night; and Esther went slowly up to her own room.

The time was near at hand for uncle Woodleigh to return to Cuba for the winter; and Esther, who had lately appeared to have [illegible], suddenly announced it to be her determination not to be married till his return in the spring.

There were a great many reasons why she should come to this conclusion—and having arrived at it, she refused to be more explicit, so there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

Another bit of wilfulness had nearly brought upon her head the bottled wrath of her future mother-in-law, and this was her decided inclination to go with her new uncle and pass a southern winter in his society. To be sure, after the solemn sentence, which she was at first slow to understand, that delicacy and propriety would be dreadfully shocked by such a step, she immediately ceased to express her wish for it; but the fact that she had done so, rendered a conference necessary between mother and son, and they decided that a very quiet winter at home with as little company as possible except that of her future lord, was in every way desirable.

After her uncle's departure, Esther set herself to work to be useful, which was always her surest plan for happiness. And Mrs. Loder having taken a severe cold, which ended in a rheumatic attack, she assumed the sole charge of the housekeeping to her own great delight, and was busy about one thing or another from morning until night.

Her elder son's chief financial abilities consisting of his unlimited power to spend money and his utter aversion to making it, Mrs. Loder had always been in the habit of looking to Tom for all assistance of this nature. It was he who took all her household orders, looked over and settled her accounts, laid in the coal, and kept the receipts. To him Essie now applied for directions and ready money, and after their very first conference was so astonished to find that this quiet, imperturbable young fellow, whom she had sometimes even called stupid and boorish, made and kept in motion the complete machinery of the family comfort and subsistence, that she could do nothing but stare at him silently whenever he came near her. Even Frank, her smooth and dignified lover, could condescend to call upon the plodding worker for funds, as she found out by consulting the methodical book of accounts he kept, and she no longer wondered at his persevering business habits that sometimes degenerated into drudgery, and for which she had accounted by his apparent want of higher taste when there seemed no necessity.

Totally without [illegible] self-assertion, Tom willingly left her to think as she pleased, and setting her down as one of the family, for all of whom he had a steady, quiet affection, without a particle of respect, he was exceedingly indifferent to her opinion so long as she seemed well and comfortable.

When she came to him one Monday morning with a book and pencil, and said, with a bright flush of something like importance in her face,

"Please, Tom, give me a few moments of your time. Aunt Loder has given up the housekeeping to me, and I want some money to begin, she says."

He looked at her with his heavy brows a trifle raised, and formed his lips into a noiseless whistle.

"You won't get tired of that, oh no," he remarked, ironically. "Carrie began it about a year ago and kept at it long enough to lose all the accounts and mislay the keys. I'll give you a week or two longer; but how's mother? Are those pains no better?" And he relapsed into the kind, attentive son in his care.

"Yes, she's better, but I'm to take charge all the same, and please don't confuse me by your sneers, Tom. It's my duty to learn housekeeping, you know;" and she blushed slightly as she spoke.

Tom had by this time laid his hat and gloves on the table near which they stood, and unlocking a small drawer in the little book-case, took out a long blank book and opened it at a clean page. He paused, and at her words bit his lips a moment; then he gave her a full, serious look.

"Do you really mean to marry Frank, Essie?" he asked kindly, but in a low and almost solemn tone.

She looked at him surprised, and a little discomposed by his manner.

"Isn't it right?" she asked, sharply.

"Right, if you like him," he answered, coolly. "Just look over last week's outlay; it will give you an idea, and write down here, received twenty dollars. That's right—don't trust to Peter too much about marketing, and do make that woman Dorothy more particular about the [illegible]."

He took up his hat and gloves, being five minutes late, he said, and hurried off.

This was the first of many conferences, but the last of any kind about her future position in the family.

Essie falsified Tom's prediction about her being soon tired with the cares of housekeeping. She grew, on the contrary, more attached to them every day, and was more than once complimented by him about the improved comfort of their living.

Frank appeared perfectly satisfied with the present state of affairs, and being naturally fond of his own comfort, found it greatly improved by Esther's administration, and was consequently good-humored on the subject. No particular arrangements were made for the entertainment or reception of society during the winter, beyond calling on friends, and [illegible] to a few more. Esther was very busy and very much interested in her work and its progress. Her aunt had completely resigned all interest in the housekeeping to her favor, and the change of management was an exceedingly beneficial one to the personal comfort of her friends. The marketing, hitherto entrusted to Peter, an unreliable waiter, was now done directly under her superintendence, and the cooking, over which Dorothy had exercised uncontested control, was now improved by the personal knowledge and nicety of execution she had acquired in her ardent taste in a new study. Tom was a silent but most interested ally in every pursuit she undertook, and when their first monthly settlement took place, and he discovered that despite innumerable added comforts there was a balance still on hand, instead of a deficit, as usual, his congratulations were earnest and encouraging.

"It's a pity that you should ever desert us, Essie," he said; "we are just beginning to understand comfort and decency. That table, when arranged by Dorothy, looked like a cattle stall, in comparison to its present appearance, and what we have to eat seems made of different material since it has passed into your hands."

This was rather a material kind of compliment, but Esther received it delightedly. The sense of giving comfort to those she loved, or being of use in any way, was one of supreme enjoyment to her unselfish heart, and she answered beamingly:

"I'm so glad, and you are so kind to tell me so. Do you know, Tom, that I am really contented for the first time in my life, and I don't mean to be married for a good while, unless Frank looks unhappy about it."

"Then you have no feeling on the subject yourself it seems."

"Oh yes, I am very uncomfortable at times about it, for I feel so entirely unsuited to married life; that is, I don't feel as if it would be an improvement."

"Essie," cried Tom, suddenly changing the subject, "Essie, please get that new carpet chosen for the parlor, and let us brighten up the house a little by spring time. There's a great many odds and ends wanting to make us perfectly comfortable, and we'll try to manage it all now."

Nothing could please Esther better than the beautifying of the home she had adopted as her own, and she eagerly closed in with the new carpet suggested, and began proposing different colors and patterns as suitable to the apartment thus to be embellished. Whilst their heads were laid together over the plan, Mrs. Loder came in wrapped in morning-gown and shawl, being an invalid to the extent of a few imaginary pains.

"Tom," she said, eagerly, "excuse me when I interrupt you about the carpet; it will be impossible just now. I'm afraid to consider the idea. Poor Frank has been fearfully cramped all winter, and he wants all we can spare out of the housekeeping for a spring out-fit."

"I have made up my mind to buy the carpet," said Tom, a little bit doggedly, "but I have no objections to Frank having every luxury in the way of an out-fit that he thinks fit to indulge in."

His mother glanced at him uneasily.

"You know," she began, nervously, "it is quite out of the question for us to do everything—either Frank must do without or the carpets remain as they are for the present."

Tom broke out wrathfully.

"Frank's selfishness has made everything bend to it—" but he stopped suddenly, and checking his unusual excitement, glanced confusedly at his cousin, and coughed once or twice as if trying to swallow his aggravation.

It seemed to strike his mother at this point, that the least said was the soonest mended. Therefore she followed his example by refraining from further mention of the subject—but proceeded to eulogize the style and manner of Esther's housekeeping.

"I don't wonder that Tom is so pleased I'm sure, my dear," she said kindly, "you are really doing wonders—and few who knew so little of the business could in anywise equal you."

"You all combine to put me in a good humor with myself, and I'm sure I ought to be very grateful to you all."

"See about the carpet, Essie," interrupted Tom at this point, and hurried out of the room lest anything should be said derogatory to this last announcement.

His mother looked after him with an expression of worried doubt upon her face, and then clearing up with an effort, smiled cheerfully and assuming an air of briskness, remarked,

"Dear me, I had nearly forgotten that I came to show you a card of invitation from the Fenleys; who would have thought of their giving a party; and here's a note accompanying it by way of explanation, in which Mrs. Fenley says: 'We are having a young friend and his sister from the West Indies, and our desire to introduce him to our connections, induces me to beg you not to fail to come.' What can they mean, do you suppose? I never heard of these West Indian friends; and I'm sure that they have none there, unless they mean Mr. Woodleigh, who certainly is not likely to be here now."

"Perhaps," suggested Esther, "they may have acquaintances there that we do not know anything about—they are not at all confiding about their affairs."

"Oh what an absurd thing it will be to see them doing the honors of their gloomy old house for anybody; I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"I hope it will brighten them up a little," said Esther, sighing as the remembrance of the gloomy days she had passed there floated before her. She had considered herself so fortunate in escaping from the thraldom of that rustic Dismal that she had but seldom revisited its stupidly dull precincts; now she wondered, as did her aunt, who and what had induced this unheard of display of hospitable feeling.

"I think Tom could tell us more about it," she said at length. "You know that Tom Fenley and he see each other in a business way quite often—so that it is more than probable he knows something about the new comers."

Mrs. Loder acknowledged the wisdom of this surmise by admitting that although she had never thought of it, there was no doubt that it was so.

Left alone, Esther pursued her occupations very busily but with less spirit, and her face grew perturbed and brooding as she worked. Dorothy came into the store-room to consult her about the dinner, and found her so preoccupied that she addressed her twice before she gained her attention. At length she said aloud, in a sort of angry soliloquy, for there was no one there to hear her—

"What a mean creature, to depend on the work of others for all that he claims and demands so easily." Having thus relieved her burdened heart, she suddenly and unaccountably burst into tears, and accusing herself bitterly murmured, "Here I am coolly aspersing the character of my future husband and trying to prove him a contemptible villain. Oh, what a wretched goose I am. Perhaps he does not know that his mother makes Tom give up his money for his use. It may be all her doings; oh, I trust it is, for it's too mean to be so selfish."

Here she dropped her account-book, and throwing her pencil into the middle of the room, burst into a passion of sobs, and in every way evinced an intensity of feeling that the mere fact of her aunt preferring her son's outfit to a parlor carpet by no means accounted for.

Esther Grover had a way of disarranging her appearance to suit the conflict of her mind. She had pushed back her hair and rumpled it up all over her head in an irritated way, and rubbing her eyes energetically, made them and the tip of her nose scarlet from irritation. In this plight she heard a soft step approaching, and turning round, faced her accepted lover, who stood smiling before her, in every particular a contrast to herself. She was in no wise propitiated by the difference, and in fact seemed more provoked by it than if he had been as troubled and annoyed as she was.

"Well," she said, shortly, "I knew you were late in your business hours, but I thought that even you must have gone down town by this time."

He made no answer to this ungracious speech, but a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"You scarcely look like yourself," he said quietly, in allusion to her hair and face. "If your housekeeping affects you so, you had better abandon it, or give up all interest in your personal appearance."

"Pshaw," was all the answer Esther vouchsafed, but she glanced indignantly at the elegant figure of the gentleman, entirely unperturbed by the annoyances of life, dressed so exquisitely, and in such perfect keeping with his own style of looks that the very nicety provoked her, and she looked still more out of humor after the survey.

"You are unamiable, are you not?" he asked, coolly.

"Yes, I am thoroughly out of humor with myself—not with any one else, you understand."

"Well, perhaps you have ample reason," he said, laughing; "but still it don't become you, and I would not continue in the vein were I you."

Esther picked up her pencil and smoothed back her hair. "Did you come to say anything in particular?" she asked.

Mr. Frank bethought himself for a moment.

"I think I did have something to tell you; but your odd appearance took me so by surprise. Let me think. Yes, I know now. It was about uncle Woodleigh."

He said this with the air of having suddenly remembered something, but Esther knew that he had it in his mind perfectly, and merely chose this way of showing his displeasure at her ill humor.

"Is there anything new to be told?" she asked.

"Nothing but that he visited the Fenleys while he was here, and never told us a word about it. There are two young people here who brought letters of introduction from him to them, and they never said a word to them about our family. So Tom Fenley says, which is rather odd, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Esther, slowly, "and I'm sorry, for I should dearly like to know any one in whom uncle Woodleigh took an interest. I truly love uncle Woodleigh."

Frank laughed a light, heretical laugh.

"To be sure, he's rich and worth cultivation, you know."

Esther gave him a quick, surprised look, that flushed her own face and made her eyes sparkle. "I love *him*," she said, decidedly. "I did not say I loved his money. I think such a thought debases the mind that cherishes it."

A little pause occurred, and then Frank said, gravely and coldly:

"Esther, you are not yourself to-day. Something must have disturbed you, or you would not forget so often that you are a lady."

Saying this in a tone of rebuke, he turned and left her to her day's accounts, that for the next half hour lay unheeded on the table before her, whilst she divided that space of time in alternately quarrelling with herself and approving her own proceedings.

This not really inspiriting employment produced a severe headache, under which affliction the beauty of her expression did not improve, and she finally retired to her room, and shutting up the door and window, sat in darkness for an hour or two. At tea time she reappeared, bright and cheerful as ever, for Mrs. Loder going up with an inquiry about the hour of dinner, and discovering that there was something wrong, commenced to praise her son Frank, who was unquestionably her favorite child. She did this, feeling that he must in some way be connected with the trouble she saw in Esther's eyes, and being given to management as a general thing, she chose this method of smoothing a difficulty she but imperfectly understood.

"Poor fellow, he looks quite distressed about you, Essie," she said; "he is proud spirited and masks sadness with coldness, but his feelings being deep, are all the stronger. So self-sacrificing as he is, too—not one thought for himself—and when I think for him it distresses him, lest some one else is annoyed by his gaining his point."

"I'm sure no one undervalues Frank," said Esther, with an effort to appear unconscious of her aunt's earnestness. "He is always kind and pleasant."

"He is more than that, Essie; he is self-sacrificing, in the truest sense of the word—unlike Tom, he has chosen a profession that has cost time, study and money; but, for the sake of elevating the family by his talents, he goes on, giving up every energy to its pursuit, and doing without the income that would otherwise suffice for his simple wants and pleasures. Poor Tom blundered into money-making in a small way; but Frank is pursuing a higher career."

So she went on, and as she talked so speciously the cloud that had gathered so closely around Esther's heart floated away with its darkness and shadows, and she rose up and bathed her eyes and presently came smiling down to tea.

Carrie was not equally agreeable. She had calculated on her cousin's aid in devising the style of dress which should adorn her at the Fenleys' party, and being disappointed in the plan, felt injured and consequently out of humor.

"There is so little time left to do what we have to do that I'm perfectly disgusted, and shall give up going," she remarked, in answer to Esther's pleasant inquiry as to what she should wear.

"Nearly a week, and a great deal can be done in a day, you know," said Esther, encouragingly. "You never look so well as in rose color, and you have a handsome one that only needs trimming. You can have such pretty devices in oak leaves. Oh, I can show you what I mean, and I know you'll think it lovely."

Entirely mollified by this view of things, Carrie gave up such a fraction of mind as she possessed to the consideration of the important theme. Frank looked amiably unconscious of any former unpleasantness, and Mrs. Loder smiled sweetly at the restoration of family peace. Tom was not often taken into consideration in the family arrangements. He was apt to be late for tea, and that meal was never waited on his account. He now appeared, and dropping into his place with a word of greeting for the assembly, looked over at Esther anxiously.

"I heard you were sick at dinner," he said; I'm glad it was only for an hour or two."

"It was nothing at all," said Esther, "but we are anxious to see you about the Fenleys, they are going to give a party, which is such an odd thing for them to do."

"Yes," said Tom, slowly, and with an apparent effort at recollection. "Tom Fenley was telling me about it. There are two visitors—a brother and sister from Cuba, they've been visiting there it seems, though they put up at a hotel. Let me see—their name's Barretto. Isabel and Manuel Barretto. Spanish by descent, and Cuban by birth."

"Uncle Woodleigh gave them an introduction to the Fenleys, did Tom tell you that?" asked Frank.

"Why, yes, I believe he did," said Tom slowly, and he added after a momentary consideration of his brother's face, "they're connexions of his, in fact they're his wife's children by her first husband, and immensely wealthy, as they inherited every dollar of their mother's property."

Frank set down the cup he was raising to his lips and looked with wide open eyes upon his brother's face. Suddenly catching himself short he took a long draught of the tea, and seemed to strive to control his features.

"Then uncle Woodleigh did not fall heir to all his wife's wealth," cried Carrie, really becoming excited, "and he has nothing but his own little fortune to leave to any one."

"Uncle Woodleigh always was eccentric, and we know he likes a joke," said Tom, quietly.

Esther said nothing, but she looked from one to the other as if in surprise and at a loss to account for the altered expression of the faces around her. Presently, no more being said, she looked a little uneasily towards her aunt, and faltered,

"You surely don't think uncle Woodleigh behaved deceitfully in concealing the existence of these relatives—perhaps he meant them as a surprise to us."

Not one word further did Frank utter, but he rose hastily, and taking up the evening paper affected to be absorbed in its contents without allowing his eyes to rest on a word it contained. Mrs. Loder sat back in her chair and bit her lips nervously without raising her eyes from the tea tray—but Tom, first looking from one to the other, and then resting his glance on Carrie, who without penetration enough to understand whether she was injured or otherwise, felt generally discomposed at the news, burst out into a hearty peal of laughter, and with apparently a keen enjoyment of the family quandary, left the room.

"If one only knew what to do about it," said Mrs. Loder to her niece next day; "if we could decide whether it is best to receive them rapturously or show them the cold shoulder it would be such a relief. Frank is more unsatisfactory on the subject than I ever knew him, and Tom will do nothing but laugh like an idiot."

"Poor fellow, he has so little relaxation, that when he finds anything amusing he bursts out, sometimes a little foolishly, I think. I can't see the slightest reason for his present amusement, but he seems to feel that it is exceedingly entertaining."

"I have just seen the dressmaker about the trimmings for the rose-colored dress," said Carrie, coming in hastily, "and as I cannot quite give her the idea, please come, Esther, and explain."

"Certainly, in one moment—but let me ask you, aunt, will it be necessary for me to have a new dress? I believe our engagement is announced, and Frank may consider it only a compliment to him that I should look my best? Ah, here he is, and I'll let him decide. Shall I have to wear anything extraordinarily nice on Thursday, Frank?"

The young gentleman she addressed looked up a little confusedly at the free, confiding tone of her appeal—and after an instant's embarrassment, said hastily and coldly,

"I could never pretend to decide in such a weighty matter as a lady's wardrobe. I have no right to dictate, and your own taste being so unquestionable, it is quite unnecessary to defer to any one else."

Esther stood astonished and speechless under the strangeness of the tone he had assumed, and for a moment neither spoke nor moved. He, on his part, seemed fully as ill at ease, and turning away searched among some newspapers on the library table for nothing in particular.

Suddenly she drew a long breath, and coming quickly to his side put her hand on his arm.

"Have I offended you?" she asked.

"Oh, how silly you are, Esther—why should you offend me or I be offended? I have no claim on you, I assure you, and I beg you will not be so foolish as to speak seriously about such trifles."

And he went out of the room, while Carrie smiled,

"Come, Esther, or I shall not have my dress done to wear to Fenleys."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ Eastern capitalists have been outrageously swindled by California gold mining companies during the last year. In one case a competent engineer was sent out to examine a mine before purchase. He took back with him some of the rock of the ledge, prospected it, and showed that it yielded unusually well. He took a large amount of the stock himself, and was again sent out to open and work the mine. On his return he found no more such rocks as the specimen, and upon examination became satisfied that the mine had been "salted"—that is, the specimens did not come out of the mine originally, but had been placed there with fraudulent purpose.

☞ The editor of the Calais *Advertiser* is disgusted with politics. He says he "has been helping to grind an axe for one and another since 1836," and being now about ground out himself, has resolved to let those who choose continue to turn the crank. A wise conclusion!

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2.50
Two copies, "	4.00
Four copies, "	6.00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	12.00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	28.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

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No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten dollars in addition, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices *if desired.* The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, *if desired.*

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Farewell old Home."

◆

TO AUTHORS.

Writers who send us manuscripts through the Post Office, will please bear in mind that all manuscripts have to pay *letter* postage. If they succeed in getting their articles *started* for less, we always are charged *double letter rates* on delivery. As this is becoming quite a tax upon us, we give notice that we shall hereafter exercise our discretion as to taking such underpaid manuscripts out of the Post Office.

◆

PAPER.

The price of paper still continues very high. We are paying at this time nearly double what we used to pay before the war. We wish Congress would do something to relieve the newspaper proprietors, and others who use paper, from their heavy burdens. We would suggest to the writers throughout the country, to write to the Congressmen from their respective districts upon the subject.

◆

THE SEWING MACHINE.

MRS. J. C. Fleming writes from Tannesville, Canada West, as follows:—

"I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Sewing Machine. It came to hand last week. My subscribers are well pleased with their magazines and papers. And *I am* delighted with my premium."

And Miss Amanda Griffith writes from Lionville, Chester county, Penn.:—

"The Sewing Machine has arrived all safe; and I am very much pleased with it. You will accept my thanks for your promptness in forwarding it so soon. *It was just seventeen days from the time I started with the name of my first subscriber until the Machine was in the house.* As far as I can learn the subscribers are very much pleased with their magazines and papers; and I feel very grateful to both them and you."

◆

THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE.—Our old-time friend, formerly of Augusta, Ga., has removed to Raleigh, N.C. Reconstructed financially and typographically, it is about the handsomest and best literary and agricultural journal published south of the Potomac. Publishers, W. B. Smith & Co.

◆

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STORY OF KENNETT. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Published by G. P. Putnam, and Hurd & Houghton, New York. This is the best novel we have read for a long time. Very interesting as a story, the characters that figure in it are generally well and clearly drawn, and in several instances are admirable specimens of the noble and generous in human nature. Martha Deane, the heroine, is a beautiful character, realizing Wordsworth's ideal of

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort and command;
> * * * * *
> And yet a woman still, and bright
> With something of an angel light."

While the hero, Gilbert Potter, is one every way worthy of her.

Sandy Flash, the highwayman, and Deb, are excellently drawn with bold and vigorous outlines. They are by no manner of means the worst characters in the book.

The chief fault of the work, it seems to us, is the apparent endorsement of Mary Potter's foolish and mischievous adherence to her unwise, if not criminal, promise and oath. That a bad promise, even when strengthened by a bad oath, is better broken than kept, not only has passed into a proverb, but is taught by the leading authorities in morals and religion. Mary Potter's observance of her promise not only injured herself, but her son. It did injury, and that continually, with no benefit to anybody. Besides, it was an adherence to the mere letter of the promise,—for she never intended to promise what a morbid conscientiousness impelled her to perform. Of course such a character is a very proper one for fiction, and our objection is not at all to the part she plays, but to the endorsement by the author of that part as wise and right.

Looking at the matter of the marriage from an artistic point of view, that so mean and despicable a person as Alfred Barton should prove to be the secret husband, and the father of Gilbert, seems to us rather to outrage the peculiar proprieties of fiction. We see clearly the difficulty the author labored under, and we know well that such a thing might have happened in real life, but then fiction is bound to be something more than imitation, and the greater the difficulty the greater the glory of surmounting it. No reader of refinement, it seems to us, can quite overcome the disgust of that revelation. It leaves an unpleasant taint behind it, which enters into and mars the otherwise sweet and tender memory of the story.

With these exceptions we give the Story of Kennett our heartfelt praise. As a picture of American life in a Quaker neighborhood it possesses the highest merit. It is simple, natural, noble, pathetic and manly. It has the feeling in it of the open fields—the great outdoor world. And notwithstanding what we consider its faults, will doubtless take its place for its true portraiture of certain forms of American life and character, among the enduring contributions to literature.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE; or, THE PRICE OF A CROWN. An Historical Romance of the Fifteenth Century. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

HIDDEN DEPTHS. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D., author of "The House I Live in." Published by Dinsmoor & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Designed as a Companion to the "Physiology of Marriage." By W. A. ALCOTT, M. D. Published by Dinsmoor & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE. According to St. Benjamin. Book Fourth. Published by the American News Company, New York.

◆

TO Z. I. G.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You are an arrant cheat! Why did you go on telling me about your beautiful house on *la belle rivière* Ohio, about your happy, joyful rest after long years of weary, heart-breaking toil? why did you go on enlisting my sympathies, making me at once sorry and glad for you—poor, credulous me, who having myself toiled wearily and suffered sadly have thus learned to feel for all who toil and suffer; why, I say, did you enlist my unsuspecting sympathies only to turn about and mockingly tell me that your fine story was mere moonshine! a dream! a vagary! a—a—whopper!

Z. I. G., you *queer* thing you, who are you? what are you? what are you like? what does your odd combination of initial letters stand for? Are "mother, Cora, Sam, Harry and I" mere myths, too? What sort of an individual do you conceal beneath those enigmatical letters Z. I. G.? Or haven't you any individuality, but are simply reducible to a poor old, half-worn-out stub of a pen scratching along its irregular way with no hand to guide it?

Z. I. G. I call upon you to give a truthful account of yourself if the truth be in you.

WARE.

◆

A Sea Captain's Remedy for Cholera.

Mr. G. S. Peabody, captain of the packet-ship Isaac Wright, has written a letter, giving an account of the treatment of cholera cases which occurred on his vessel in January last, during a trip from Liverpool to New York. Captain Peabody says that within forty-eight hours after sailing cholera appeared, and in ten days twenty-seven passengers had died of it, though they were treated "by the book." The captain then applied a method of treatment that had been recommended by his predecessor in command, and did not lose another patient on that voyage or since. The remedy was this: A tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of red pepper in a half pint of hot water.

The captain says he was himself attacked by violent cholera, with cramps, &c., but the medicine "carried him through." He adds: "The medicine acts quickly as an emetic, say in one or two minutes. It brings up a very offensive matter, which sticks like glue. It was given, among others, to one old woman of eighty-four years of age, who was on deck, though weak, of course, the very next day. I have known it to be successfully used on board their ships by at least a dozen shipmasters, besides myself. Its use is quite general in Liverpool, where even some of the regular doctors find it to their advantage to resort to it. Provided with this simple recipe, I no longer consider the cholera an unmanageable disease."

☞ John Randolph is said upon one occasion to have visited a race course, near the city of New York. A flash-looking stranger offered to bet him $500 upon the result of the race, and introducing his companion, said: "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tompkins, will hold the stakes." "But, sir," squeaked the orator of Roanoke, "who will hold Squire Tompkins after I give him my money?"

☞ NOT AFRAID OF IT.—Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him: "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it!" "No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare me a bit."

☞ HIPPOPHAGOS.—A Paris butcher has obtained authority to open a shop for the sale of horse-flesh, on condition that he will construct a special slaughter-house for the horses, to be placed under the superintendence of an inspector. The opening of the shop is to be celebrated by a banquet, at which horse-meat will form the principal dish.

☞ A colored M. D. has opened an office in Columbus, Miss.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CONCEPCION—POPULATION—PEOPLE—PAPER CURRENCY—A LOVE AFFAIR—MARRIAGE AFLOAT.

Dead, dull and dreary as Valdivia itself, is Talcahuano to-day, and has been these many years—ever since outward bound Pacific whalers of our own and other countries abandoned it as a recruiting rendezvous, going instead far north—to Payta.

Properly, the city is named Concepcion, and gradually people are coming to speak and write of it under its proper title; but in earlier times whalers spoke always of going to *Talcahuano*, never of Concepcion, confounding the name of the town with that of the bay on which it is situated, popularizing it as Talcahuano, and thus almost all travellers have since written and spoken of it, so that for several years, except in ship's manifests and bills of lading, Concepcion was literally lost to the public.

The town is as old as Valdivia, and like it, is located within the coast line at the distance of a few miles at the bottom of a fine bay, or more properly at the wide mouth of the river Biobio, containing at the present time probably about 7,000 inhabitants; 3,000 at least less than its population when as a whaler's half-way house it was one of the most stirring, wide-awake and prosperous of all the towns on the whole West Coast. Its decline has been much like that of some of our petroleum cities; the oil interest made life, activity and money abundant; failing that, there followed depopulation and financial degeneracy, and progress, crab fashion, always going backwards.

Mentally and morally, the citizens of Concepcion are several degrees superior to their neighbors of Valdivia, though their polish of character, obtained as it was mainly by intercourse with our rather rough red-shirt Pacific rangers, was never of the most refined type. Still it was infinitely superior to the stolid stupidity and brute barbarism of their Valdivian neighbors.

There were three members of our party proper, four altogether, including the captain of the Esmeralda, who in our earlier capacity of "fat catchers" had two or three times visited Talcahuano bay, and of course Concepcion, and made many acquaintances, enough of whom remembered and cordially welcomed us, to make our reception a great deal more pleasant, and our stay among them ten times more home-like than our Valdivian experience had been. That is, there were ten days during which ours was very like the first month's experience of a young and very innocent Detroit gentleman, who went to New York with $10,000 in cash, a fashionable suit of clothes, and a very limited stock of knowledge of New Yorkers. He wrote to his sister at the end of his first month's experience, adding the P. S.:

"Plenty of money—first class clothes—everybody likes me!"

In a week another letter went west, worded thus:

"ELDRIDGE STREET JAIL.

"*Dear Sis*—Broke down—not a red cent left—all rags—not a friend in New York. Please send me $100."

So went round, and as suddenly, our destiny in Concepcion—one day friends and high favor at every turning; the next, bricks and firebrands, and the place so uncomfortable that leaving it hastily was the better discretion, and we did so in the Esmeralda, in company with some six or seven whaling ships and barques. The cause for our sudden departure was a difficulty between the whale killers and authorities, both civil and military, and a good many people of the place that were no authority of any sort; the affair in its results becoming so serious that it finally put an end to whalers going to Concepcion, and very nearly put an end to Concepcion itself commercially. We shall come to the imbroglio more naturally towards the conclusion of the present sketch. Just here comes in a financial feature of Concepcion, that for a good many years was a notorious novelty to all the Pacific side of the continent.

In the early days of intercourse between New England whalers and the people of Talcahuano, a New Bedford captain, in purchasing supplies for his ship, happened to have a hundred dollars or so of New England bank notes, which in a spirit of mere mischief he tendered to the Chilene chandler in part payment of his bill, assuring him that the notes were perfectly good, and in his simplicity the merchant received them without question. In the course of a few days the native merchant offered the Yankee paper money to our consul, who was a merchant of the place, in payment for some American goods purchased of him. Mr. Willets of course knew that the notes were of no value, but for the honor of his country and countrymen took them without a word, which act established a credit for the New England paper currency, and gradually for all American bank notes, so much so that in the course of a year or so every outward bound whaler began to bring paper money instead of specie for all their disbursements at Talcahuano, and finally United States paper money actually drove the clumsy, inconvenient doubloons out of favor in Concepcion, so that gold was actually at a discount, and *el peso papelo Estados Unidos* (the paper dollars of the United States) were at a premium.

But it was a long time before the Chilenos learned to distinguish denominations in notes; and to determine between good and worthless, spurious and genuine notes, they never did learn that, and towards the last I think there were five times as many counterfeits and notes of broken banks in circulation in and around Concepcion as there were good ones. We saw a great many counterfeits going without question, so abominably bad that in the United States a schoolboy would have detected the cheat, and our consul informed us that he believed there were twenty thousand dollars in paper on the old broken bank of Niagara circulating in Concepcion.

But no one questioned the quality of the material. So that it was *papel Americano*—it went without question, and Americans were in high favor—whalers were petted and patronized and welcomed everywhere; and Talcahuano became the Pacific Paradise for red-shirted rangers. But they fell out of that one day as suddenly as our earliest ancestors lost their Eden birth-right. The fall came by way of a woman too, as did that of Adam, though the tempter instead of being a scaly scamp in the shape of a snake, was a young Nantucketer, a jolly, wide-awake boat steerer of the whale ship Junior—his name Miles Sanford, and himself as handsome a young fellow as ever won a woman's heart. If the devil put on appearances as fascinating in tempting Eve, it is no wonder her wits went a wool-gathering.

It would be too long—probably too tedious, the story of a whaler's frolic in Concepcion, that resulted in breaking up friendly relations long established, and ever since sending "blubber hunters" to Payta, instead of Talcahuano. The details would fill a volume; but as the incident occurred during our visit, and was the means of terminating it something abruptly, a brief account of the affair seems pertinent, and possibly may prove interesting.

Dona Elina Espartero was the belle of Concepcion—of the whole West Coast, the "spouters" declared to a man. At all events, Dona Elina was very beautiful, and immensely rich, and a fascinating beauty, young and graceful, and good, and the widow of Don *Jose Joaquim* Espartero, ex-governor of the province, who had gone off to another world at the age of sixty-three, leaving his widow unincumbered, and absolute mistress of the largest fortune in Southern Chile.

Dona Elina had accidentally made the acquaintance of Miles Sanford, the Nantucket boat-steerer, who had met with an accident, and was left with the Consul for surgical treatment, and, after some time Dona* Elina fancying that she was better able to cure the young "whale killer," than the doctors, took him home to her pretty villa in the suburbs, and nursed and caressed, and cured him; and then fell in love with him, and made a little scandal, and a great deal of consternation among her relatives, who threatened to shut the lady up in a convent, and the boat-steerer in the carcel.

The clamor among the lady's friends became so furious that from prudential motives, Miles Sanford, though by no means recovered, had about three weeks previous to our arrival, shipped as boat-steerer on board the Junior, and the storm subsided.

But the high contracting parties had not the least idea of relinquishing each other and happiness in that manner. Dona Elina had made her relatives an offer. If they would not oppose her marrying the young American, they might divide among themselves her whole estate, valued at $280,000, leaving her $20,000, and she would leave the country. They had refused her terms, and Dona Elina was indignant, desperate, and defied them.

Captain Wilmer, of the Junior, had made a proposition to Sanford to muster all the red-shirt rangers in port, and "cut out" and carry off the widow, money, merchandise and all, in spite of *delegado, soldados, friends, priests,* and all Concepcion combined. Miles was duly grateful, consented of course; and when we had been some ten days in port, Doctor Bond and Monteiro came in, saying that the whale ships in port—five Americans, two English, two Frenchmen, and a Hollander, were going to land a strong force that night, to cut out and carry on board the Junior, Dona Elina, her young sister Paulette, and all their goods and chattles anywise portable.

It was with considerable difficulty that we succeeded, by dint of argument, in persuading several of our Hotspurs, foremost among whom were O'Harra, the inevitable Kate, Senora Monteiro, Harry White, and our handsome, impulsive *voyageur*, Tussant Massoville, from going out and joining the nautical raiders; and even Edith and Senora Minnie, I think, would have booted, and belted, and went out with revolvers, at a wink or nod of encouragement. But we succeeded in subjugating and holding them in check, and impatiently we all awaited the denouement of the drama.

We all knew that the whale killers had landed in two divisions soon after dark, and before long we knew that all the civil and military forces of the city were out to either capture or cut off the retreat of the raiders.

Our quarters were at the *Hotel de Comercio* in the *Calle [illegible]*, and we had all been on the verandah from ten o'clock until past one A. M., looking down upon flaming torches, tramping guards, and jabbering men and women that thronged the street, waiting and eagerly expecting stirring scenes. And they came—first a battalion of sturdy Netherlanders, extending entirely across the street—double column, armed with gleaming lances and bright blubber spades, tramp, tramp, heavy and solid as a walking wall—three paces in advance of their centre strode stout Dykert Vonskolk, skipper of the Dutch whaling bark Frau Shelter of Amsterdam—the burly Netherlander, clad in white "ducks" and flaming red quilted shirt, brandishing above his head his glittering harpoon, and roaring out at every tenth stride:

"*Gaat der voir da, wair wa com en!*"

Just as if that throng of Chileno barbarians could understand a word of that Netherlandish "get out of the way there, here we come!" but they got out notwithstanding, as fast as possible, and the Hollanders swept on, followed by a body guard of "Juniors" and thirty quilted shirts from the brave old Hope of Providence; and in the centre of the guard came Captain Wilmer escorting Dona Paulette, and Miles Sanford with his lovely widow wench, Dona Elina; and close following came a brigade of carts, and mules, and Yankee whale killers, all—carts, mules, and men, laden with whatever was valuable and portable, the property of the two donas, principally that of Dona Elina.

This transportation train was flanked and covered in the rear by French and English spouters, armed with harpoons, lances, and blubber spades—peaceable if undisturbed, but prepared for war if molested.

Enthusiasm and excitement mastered us, and joining the procession we marched with it to the boat landing, through some skirmishing, with the authorities, but the whale killers were too formidable, and carried off their prizes on board the Junior in triumph.

On board one of the American whalers lately arrived, were two missionaries and their families bound for Honolulu, and the committee of whaling captains deciding that all delays were dangerous, the services of one of the clergymen was called into requisition, and before sunrise there were a Mrs. Elina Sanford, and a Mrs. Captain Paulette Wilmer, on board the New Bedford whaler Junior.

Before noon, the whole fleet of "spouters" were standing out to sea, and the Esmeralda in company. Most of the fleet had laid in their outfit at Concepcion, and steered directly due west for the "Off shore ground;" but four of them wanting more pigs, poultry, firewood, &c., stood north-west for Juan Fernandez for the purpose of recruiting there, and the Junior with her two brides being of the number, instead of running down to Valparaiso, as had been our first purpose, we decided upon a visit to Crusoe-Land, and so the Esmeralda bore away in company with the Junior.

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* In Italian, Donna. In Spanish, always Dona.

Carbonic Acid in the Air.

Sir Walter Trevelyan, in a communication recently addressed to the Gardeners' Chronicle, starts a curious and ingenious theory on the advantage of a small percentage of carbonic acid in the air. The sedative nature of this gas is well known, and with most animals in a state of nature sleep comes on at the time when plants commence to develope carbonic acid, that is at sunset, and it relaxes its hold about sunrise, when plants begin to exhale oxygen. Further, when men and animals compose themselves to sleep, they not only do so in the position which gives the greatest relaxation to the muscles, but "they place the head so as to favor the accumulation of that gas about it, and consequently its inhalation. The head of a man, when at rest, generally lies low, on a soft and depressed pillow, those of most quadrupeds couched between their paws, and those of birds nestled among the feathers of their backs or wings," so that in all these cases, owing to the low and confined position of the mouth and nostrils, much of the air must be inhaled again and again, and become gradually mixed with a larger proportion of carbonic acid. He also adduces the fact that the carnivora, who are nocturnal in their habits, retire during the day to deep and narrow caverns, in which the air, becoming vitiated by their respiration, tends to promote sleep. The obvious objection to this theory is, that the carbonic acid becomes rapidly diffused, so that the air in every part of the room would probably be found to be sensibly of the same composition.

Advantages of Crinoline.

There is a church at Oberwyl, Switzerland, in which the parishioners have just erected a very fine new organ. A great number recently went to hear it played the first time, and delighted with its deep growls and trembling rumblings, they crowded in the galleries and on the small stair-case; indeed so great was the pressure that a young lady of slender form, crushed against the low balustrade, had the misfortune to lose her equilibrium and to tumble over into the nave of the church. Those in the galleries shut their eyes and screamed with horror. A few who were below looked up at hearing the cry, and what was their astonishment to see the lady quietly and slowly descending in the midst of an enormous bell-shaped parachute. The fact is, the crinoline was enormous and the lady light, so the inflation of the former buoyed up the latter, and the frightened fair one descended on the hard marble pavement as lightly as if she were a bird fluttering down from the lofty roof.

The Colored Troops.

Gen. Fry says: "While but two thousand nine hundred and seven colored troops died in action and of wounds, the enormously large number of twenty-six thousand three hundred and one died of disease. Among the white troops the proportion of deaths in action and from wounds to the deaths from disease, is about as one to two; among the colored troops as one to eight. About one hundred and eighty thousand colored men were enlisted in the army during the war, of whom accordingly nearly one out of every seven died of disease. The general proportion among the white troops is one to fifteen. It may be assumed, that where one died of disease, at least five others were seriously sick, so that a very large proportion of the colored troops must have been constantly on the sick list."

TAKING A BITE.—A Paris correspondent tells of a curious accident which befell a gay lorette recently in that city. She was riding in an open carriage, with a very small amount of bonnet and a quantity of ornamental simulated vegetable growth on her head; the street was crowded; the ill-fed horse of the following vehicle, with appetite provoked by the false appearance, stretched forward a little his eager neck and nibbled to; high shrieks from the more or less fortunate female—quick-turned attention, and then "shrieks of laftyer" from the heartless throng of curious pedestrians. Meantime the reviled horse, hopeful and hungered, bit deeper into the deceptive provender, and finally bit off all the back of the head—of hair and things of the lady.

CURIOUS CASE.—A Milwaukee lady was lately a bigamist for a day. She had been married, but applied for a divorce. Her lawyer assured her the papers should be concluded and signed by a certain day. Trusting to this she was married on the promised day to husband No. 2. Unfortunately the judge was taken sick and couldn't sign the papers; moreover, he had doubts, on hearing the evidence, whether he ought to grant the divorce at all. The consternation of the newly-married couple at this stage of the proceedings can be imagined. But upon the fact of the marriage being made known to the judge, he waived his scruples and granted the divorce, one day after the wedding, greatly to the relief of the woman.

SPANISH IDLENESS.—Every one employs his time most conscientiously in doing nothing. Gallantry, cigarettes, the manufacture of quatrains and octaves, and especially card-playing, are found sufficient to fill up a man's existence very agreeably. A workman who has gained a few reals leaves work, throws his jacket over his shoulders, takes his guitar, and goes and dances, or makes love to the girl of his acquaintance, until he has not a single *cuarto* left; he then returns to his employment. An Andalusian can live splendidly for three or four sous a day, while his lodging costs him nothing more than the trouble of spreading his cloak upon the ground under some portico, or the arch of some bridge.

A NEW EDIBLE PLANT OF CALIFORNIA.—Col. A. B. Gray discovered a singular plant, which grows parasitically on old roots in a sandy, forlorn desert in the Gulf of California. It is said to be very luscious when fresh gathered and cooked, resembling in taste, but more delicate than the sweet potato. It is allied to the monotropa and other [illegible] plants of the Eastern States. Dr. Torrey has described and figured it in the 8th vol. of the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, and calls it *Ammobroma Sonorae*—"Sand food of Sonora."

☞ Mr. Nelson once [illegible] on the fears of a timorous old lady by observing that there was a strong smell of *[illegible]* in the house.

Odors of Flowers.

Contrary to the general belief, nearly all the perfumes derived from flowers are not made by distillation, but by the processes of *enfleurage*, or inflowering and by maceration or infusion. The odors of flowers do not, as a general rule, exist in them as a store or in a gland, but they are developed as an exhalation. While the flower breathes it yields fragrance, but kill the flower, and fragrance ceases. It has not been ascertained when the discovery was made of condensing, as it were, the breath of the flower during life; what we know now is, that if a living flower be placed near to butter-grease, animal fat, or oil, these bodies absorb the odor given off by the blossom, and in turn themselves become fragrant. If we spread fresh unsalted butter upon the inside of two dessert-plates, and then fill one of the plates with gathered fragrant blossoms of clematis, covering them over with the second greased plate, we shall find that after twenty-four hours the grease has become fragrant. The blossoms, though separated from the parent stem, do not die for some time, but live and exhale odor, which is absorbed by the fat. To remove the odor from the fat, the fat must be scraped off the plates and put into alcohol; the odor then leaves the grease and enters into the spirit, which thus becomes "scent," and the grease again becomes odorless. The flower farmers of the Var follow precisely this method on a very large scale, with but a little practical variation, with the following flowers:—rose, orange, acacia, violet, jasmine, tuberose, and jonquil. The process is termed, as said before, *enfleurage*, or inflowering. In the Valley of the Var there are acres of jasmine, of tuberose, of violets, and the other flowers named; in due season the air is laden with fragrance, the flower harvest is at hand. Women and children gather the blossoms, which they place in little panniers, like fishermen's baskets, hung over the shoulders. They are then carried to the laboratory of flowers and weighed. In the laboratory the harvest of flowers has been anticipated. During the previous winter great quantities of grease, lard, and beef-suet have been collected, melted, washed, and clarified. The great success of this process depends on the absolute purity of the grease employed, and no pains are spared to this end. In each laboratory there are several thousand *chasses* (sashes) or framed glasses, upon which the grease to be scented is spread, and upon this grease the blossoms are sprinkled or laid. The *chasse* or sash is, in fact, a frame with a glass in it as near as possible like a window-sash, only that the frame is two inches thicker, so that when one chasse is placed on another there is a space of four inches between every two glasses, thus allowing room for blossoms. Every chasse, or sash, is about two feet long by eighteen inches broad, as here seen. The flower blossoms are changed every day, or every other day, as is convenient in regard to the general work of the laboratory or flowering of the plants. The same grease, however, remains in the chasse so long as the particular plant being used yields blossoms. Each time the fresh flowers are put on, the grease is "worked"—that is, serrated with a knife—so as to offer a fresh surface of grease to absorb odor. The grease, being enflowered in this way for three weeks or more—in fact, so long as the plants produce blossoms—is at last scraped off the chasse, melted, strained, and poured into the canisters, and is now fit for exportation.—*Dr. Septimus Piesse.*

SELF-ACTING CLOCKS.—*Remarkable Discovery.*—A novel application of electro-magnetism, as a motive power for clock-work, has just been perfected by a working jeweler at Leamington, which promises to introduce a new era in the science of clock-making, and to bring modern time-pieces to a state of absolute perfection. By the new arrangement, the pendulum, the bob or ball of which consists of an electro-magnetic coil, is made to oscillate by means of a feeble current of electricity, this beating true seconds, with a train of three wheels only. One of the advantages of this system is, that a number of clocks in different parts, or even in different houses, can be connected together by a single wire, and the whole number will indicate the same time to a second. The clocks are of the simplest construction, and never need winding up. No acid battery is used. The discoverer has secured the plan by patent. The clocks are spoken of as being superior to the present clocks in use.

A QUICK PROCESS TO MAKE TAR.—Split up a parcel of rich light-wood—enough to fill a large pot or kettle; put it in end-ways, not quite so long as the pot or kettle is deep; put it in tight so that it will not slip when the vessel is turned up side down; have a smooth, slanting place to put it on; when it is placed, have mortar made of clay, put it round the edge of the vessel except at the lowest side; have a hole in the ground for the tar to run in; make a fire on the vessel and around it except where the tar is to run out, and you will soon be the owner of a lot of tar. Quantity according to the size of the pot or kettle, and richness of the pine.

A short time since, I commenced after breakfast, split up the light-wood, put it in a five-gallon kettle—rather poor pine—and a little after dinner I had upwards of four gallons good tar.—J. FARRAR in *Southern Cultivator.*

☞ What singular creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and then ten chances to one if the old woman can spare one of her girls. But just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for their victuals and clothes.

☞ It is reckoned that in Belgium, at the present time, there are three thousand musical societies, with seventy thousand executants, including one thousand choral societies and thirty thousand singers.

☞ It is said that the British government, as a measure against Fenianism, intend to abolish the use of the shillaly in Ireland, as its use is considered dangerous to the security of the Crown.

☞ HYDRATE OF LIME.—Liebig suggests that, in store rooms and on shipboard, deficient ventilation may be compensated for by the use of hydrate of lime. Eighteen or twenty pounds of slacked lime will absorb thirty-eight or thirty-nine cubic feet of carbonic acid gas, which would be immediately replaced by an equal volume of fresh air entering through the crevices.

☞ Fenian Standards, says an English writer, are much [illegible] things than [illegible], and far better [illegible].

☞ There never was any sect, party or faction, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent.

Chemical Embroidery and Frost Pictures.

What a wonderful thing is crystallization. You hang a lump of zinc in a solution of acetate of lead, and straightway the latter divorces itself from the salt with which it is united, and becomes attached to the suspended nugget in tassels and garlands of metallic mosses, ferns, and lichens. The combinations of artificial crystals produced by some of the processes of the laboratory are marvellously beautiful and picturesque, but none of them are half so marvellous as the witcheries wrought by the chemistry of the frost. The woods after an ice storm, chandeliered with diamonds and radiant with prismatic light; the rocks among the fighting waters, bearded with frozen spray; the white fringes and festoons of vapor-lace that beautify the dead sedges by the silenced torrent's side, and the cabinet picture in neutral tint and silver which adorn one's chamber windows after a bitter winter night, are each and all more wondrous than any of the forms of crystallization achieved by chemic art. Perhaps the frost limnings on the panes are the most extraordinary of all the freaks of congelation. Groves and waterfalls, pastoral vales and sky-piercing mountains, glens and lakes, temples and pavilions, and all the belongings of fairy-land, are there. And as the sun lights them up before it melts them, how fair they shine! It seems as if the spirits of poesy had crystallized one's dreams, or as if one's sleeping fancies had taken shape in the air, and photographed themselves upon the glass. It is said that hints for fine landscapes have frequently been derived from these breath-pictures, and we can easily believe it. We have certainly seen some frost cartoons this winter which only needed the magic of color to render them pictorial "gems."

Concomitants of Old Age.

An old man complained to the doctor of bad digestion. "O, let bad digestion alone," said the doctor, "for it is one of the concomitants of old age." He then stated his weakness of sight. "Don't meddle with weakness of sight," said the doctor, "for that, also, is one of the concomitants of old age." He complained to him of a difficulty of hearing. "Alas, how distant is hearing," said the doctor, "from old men!—difficulty of hearing is a steady concomitant of old age." He complained to him of want of sleep. "How widely separated," said the doctor, "are sleep and old men, for want of sleep is certainly a concomitant of old age." He complained to him of a decrease in bodily vigor. "This is an evil," said the doctor, "that soon hastens on old men, for want of vigor is a necessary concomitant of old age. The old man (unable to keep his patience any longer) called out to his companions: "Seize upon the booby! lay hold of the blockhead! drag along the ignorant idiot! that dolt of a doctor, who understands nothing, and who has nothing to distinguish him from a parrot but the human figure, with his concomitants of old age, forsooth—the only words he seems capable of uttering!" The doctor smiled, and said: "Come, my old boy, get into a passion, for this, also, is a concomitant of old age!"

☞ A young girl, seventeen years of age, attempted to commit suicide, by drowning, a few days since in Paris; her sweetheart had forsaken her. The first words she uttered when she recovered her senses, were: "Mon Dieu! how cold the Seine is!" The boatman who rescued her stood near and exclaimed: "Ah! my little darling, it has nobody to warm its bed."

☞ Professor Newman says, contrary to the generally received opinion, birds prefer to fly against the wind. The quails of Europe almost invariably start on their passage of the Mediterranean with a head wind, and if it chops round and blows fresh from the southward, they are drowned by thousands and their dead bodies are washed ashore for weeks afterwards. When the wind is aft, it gets under the bird's feathers in the most aggravating manner, and upsets his equilibrium and equanimity at the same time.

☞ Painted metallic necklaces are becoming quite common.

☞ A man, named *Fleming*, died at Lockport, Will county, Illinois, recently, aged one hundred and two years, having been born in 1764. He was never sick in his life, not even to the extent of a headache or toothache, and was never a sufferer from anything in the way of accidents.

☞ IN A HURRY.—A curious marriage is reported to have occurred some days since near Bay City, Michigan, which reads like this: It seems that a farmer lost his wife by death, and that the said wife died early in the morning. The farmer did not appreciate being left alone in the world, and ere his wife's eyes had hardly closed in the sleep that knows no waking, he decided to marry again. Hitching up his team, he takes in his servant girl and goes to Bay City to buy garments for the dead. While there he married the girl and returned to his home the same night with his second wife, so that by actual count he was not a widower twelve hours. The new wife appeared at the funeral the next day in deep black, and was one of the principal mourners over the body of the first wife.

☞ A child in Iowa was poisoned by chewing an enamelled paper collar. He died in two hours, and the body at once turned purple.

☞ WINE AND MEAT.—Statistics show that each person in Paris drinks an average of one hundred and twenty-six quarts of wine, and eats an average of one hundred and sixty-four pounds of meat a year.

☞ Once at Wotton, Rowland Hill was preaching in the afternoon, the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him. He saw some sleeping, and paused, saying, "I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method," and so sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience.

☞ The Princess of Wales is sitting for a full length portrait in oil; but, as she is a little thin, a professional model sits for the arms and neck.

☞ A storekeeper the other day stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement:—"A boy wanted." The next morning on opening the store, he beheld a little urchin in a basket, with the following label:—"Here he is."

☞ Mr. L—— receives a letter; he knows the handwriting—he wants to read it—but it is already dark, he strikes a light, takes a paper, and lights a candle, but the letter is gone—he has used it to light the candle!

☞ A hotel for the "unprotected lady in London" is being [illegible] for her in that city.

☞ A curious idea for screens, in England, is the introduction of dried birds between two sheets of glass, the whole surrounded by a gilt frame, and suspended on the same kind of stand as [illegible] in gilding [illegible].

SONG OF THE FLOWER-GIRL.

I.

The flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
I have sought them on downs where sky-larks sing;
Where the wild thyme yielded its perfume sweet
To the lightest tread of my careless feet;
Where the ivory buds of the scented may,
Dew-sprinkled, were wreathing their garlands gay:
Come buy, that your house in its cobwebbed gloom
May smile like a bride in the spring's young bloom.

II.

The flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
I have sought them on banks where blue-bells ring
A fairy-like chime on the morning air;
Where king-cups are golden and cowslips fair,
And daisies wide open their star-like eyes
To gaze on the sun in their glad surprise:
Come buy, that your pale town-nurtured child
May once in her life weave a garland wild.

III.

The flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
I have sought them in vales where violets fling
The breath of their bloom over mossy nooks,
Where primroses blossom by babbling brooks,
And woodbine with clusters and tendrils fine
Embraces the buds of the eglantine:
Come buy, that the maiden so loved and fair
May braid in their blossoms her shining hair.

IV.

The flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
What visions of health and joy they bring!
The nightingale's voice seems to greet the ear
With the breath of the rose it once sang near;
The breeze of the mountain to lift the hair
Near buds that have waved in the mountain air,
And sunshine and song and soft smiling hours
All enter your house with the young spring flowers!

C. W. C.

Shakspeare on Woman.

At the recent celebration of Shakspeare's birthday in New York, Mr. Grant White, upon his health being drunk, said, after due acknowledgment, that it having been intimated to him that that calamity might befall him, he had thought that his hearers would be much more interested in sharing with him a discovery in regard to Shakspeare, that in listening to anything that could be said by one so unaccustomed to thinking while on his feet. In the preparation of the toasts and the bill of fare, he had solicitously sought to avoid any repetition of what appeared at a dinner on Shakspeare's birthday at the same place five or six years ago. He had been able to accomplish this, except upon one point, and that the one as to which he had looked for the least trouble. He had thought—and it must be admitted that there are few if any of us who would not have thought with him—that the searcher for a compliment to women in Shakspeare's writings would only have to take his choice of many. Nevertheless, the lines quoted on this occasion were those which appeared on the previous bill—the following from "Love's Labor Lost:"

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

A marked sensation was produced in the company by Mr. Grant White's assertion that these lines, which he pronounced "cold and conceitish," were reproduced only because, after a long search, with all the aid at his command, not only through the plays but the sonnets and poems, this was the only passage in praise of woman—of the sex—that he could find. Praise of a particular woman, either by a lover in the dramatic revelation of his passion, or by an uninterested person as a part of the portraiture of a female personage in the drama, were numerous; but of glorification of the sex, the entire works of the great poet of humanity, according to the latest of his commentators, furnish only that given above, which it must be confessed is very chilly and unsatisfactory. The speaker yet more astonished his hearers by going on to say that he found that this absence of panegyric was not the concomitant of a neglect of the subject; it was not mere absence of praise; but that on the contrary, if the passage required for the occasion had been one of censure, he could have had his choice of many. He thereupon read a few of many of this nature that he had had copied for him—very cruelly, as he confessed, by a woman. Here are some of them:

"To be slow in words is woman's only virtue."

"Dumb jewels, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind."

"The man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

"How hard it is for women to keep counsel!"

"*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them."

"Women are not
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd vestal."

"O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?"

"Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

"The beautiful blind woman (Fortune) doth most mistake in her gifts to women. For those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favored."

"A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right."

"Come on, come on: You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds."

Mr. White pronounced the important word in the final line of the last passage *hussies*; and it is worthy of special remark in connection with this subject, that while *husband* has retained its original and honorable signification, *housewife*, its counterpart, has been degraded until, on the lips of women, who chiefly use it in its clipped form, it has, and had when Shakespeare wrote, a very ill signification. There were many other passages of the kind, the speaker said, which he did not read, but he closed with this one spoken by the jealous *Posthumus* in "Cymbeline:"

"Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather all:
For e'en to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better."

The critic drew attention to the significance of the fact that while Shakespeare had put this censure of the sex in the mouths of some of his personages, making them go so far as to say that woman—not a particular woman—is "a fiend," although a delicate one; that frailty's name is woman; that women generally—not certain women—are wildcats, devils, hussies; that men their creation mar in profiting by them, and so on to the terrible outburst in "Cymbeline," yet although he had a lover or a loving husband in every play, and in some plays two, he was never led to cause any one of these to offset the others' general dispraise by praise suited to the whole sex—to call woman angel instead of fiend, and hold her up in her proper position as the real blessing and not the fascinating curse of man. This fact was all the more remarkable, the speaker said, because of the other admitted fact, which he had mentioned, and which Mr. Curtis had dwelt upon, that Shakespeare's women are at once the noblest, the loveliest, and the truest to nature in the whole range of imaginative literature. He attributed this incongruity between Shakespeare's ideal of woman and what he had written of woman in the abstract, as well in his poems as in his dramatic writings, to the poet's early experience of woman, which began at eighteen years of age with his marriage with Anne Hathaway, aged twenty-six, and who it is very evident that Mr. White has come to regard as having been an unchaste, designing termagant. Indeed he intimates as much in his "Memoirs of Shakspeare." He seemed to think that while he could embody his ideal and cause his men to speak of and bear themselves toward these ideals as became their loveliness and their worth, when he came to utter the thoughts of his own heart about woman, bitterness flowed freely from his pen, and only bitterness.

Mr. Grant White's announcement of his discovery upon this interesting subject and his comments about it created, as we remarked before, quite a sensation, and brought up Mr. Curtis in reply, to whom Mr. White rejoined. But the former only asserted the beauty of Shakspeare's feminine creations, the charms and the truthfulness of which Mr. White asserted with equal confidence, and which have no greater admirers than he, as all may see by his writings. It is understood that he intends to push his investigations of this subject further.

Women's Horns and Veils.

Some time ago I saw in a museum a Druse horn. It was a tall pointed horn of silver, very much the shape of an old-fashioned tin stage horn or farm dinner horn. But it was not a trumpet;—the small end was pointed, and the large end was filled with a flat cushion.

The Druses are an Eastern people, whose women are held in rather low esteem, and are the subjects of laws and customs, binding, if absurd. One of them is, that every married woman shall wear one of these horns upon the top of her head. From it hang tassels or ornaments, and sometimes a veil. Of course the cushion relieved somewhat the pressure upon the top of the head, and strings on each side kept the balance of the horn; but after all it was a terrible burden, as one may guess who has ever worn a tight hat, or had a heavy pressure on the top of the head. Yet it must be worn, I was told, night and day, and that a hole in the wall, or a sort of rest, was provided for the end of the horn as the victim lay down. A physician told me he had been called to prescribe for women suffering with intense and agonizing headache, the natural result of this terrible pressure; yet custom would not allow the only remedy he could suggest, viz: the removal of the horn. Of course, after a time, if the woman survives, her head becomes hardened to the burden, and for the rest of her life she suffers only the inconvenience of the thing.

How very barbarous! Yes, every one says so; and yet there are customs—as of screwing up the waist almost to the stoppage of the breath, and habitually pinching the feet into misery and deformity—the last equally common to men and women, which have not even the apology of a binding obligation, as among the Druses—and that in this highly civilized and Christianized land of which we boast.

Slavery is not yet quite abolished in this land. There is a tyranny of fashion, or custom, almost omnipotent. For instance, show me the widow who dares (unless she be a Friend,) to appear without a crape veil. No matter what her age or condition, hear the unkind and malicious remarks aimed at her. And yet suppose she prefers health and eyesight to fashion?

The facts are simply these:—There is some poison (often arsenic, I am told), used in the dye of black crape, and yet that, and only that, must be used for veils, and they must be kept on the face and the air breathed through them. We have seen a woman faint away and become ill for days after breathing under a heavy crape veil. We have seen a terrible eruption come out upon her face from the poison; and this last effect is acknowledged and is traditional, and yet it makes no difference. We have seen the eyesight ruined from the dim, unsteady light, and the diagonal lines of the crape, always bewildering the sight. The eyes in many cases are sorely weakened; and in some utterly ruined for life, by this conformity to custom.

At a time when the system is depressed by care and watching and grief, a heavy, cumbrous dress is adopted, and, in addition, a slow poison is administered through a crape veil, which must on no account be thrust aside to admit the free air of heaven. The burden may not fall on as many, but are the Druse women so much more the slaves of custom?

Now, we do not ask what the world will say, but simply—if the Scripture enjoins "all lawful endeavors to preserve our own lives and the lives of others," and if we need our best powers for our work in life—*are these things right?*

Is it *right*, even in obedience to custom, to do that which must most assuredly injure the health, and therefore hinder usefulness? No matter what side issues there may be, is it *right?* This is the question to which all others must come.

It is time this test should be applied to more than one custom of society.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Tale of the Black Forest.

Many years ago there lived in a village near the famous Black Forest a worthy old pastor. His life had been spent in doing good, in helping the poor, and comforting the unhappy; and now in his old age he was calmly waiting the summons to his eternal home. Wishing, while still able to travel, to visit a widowed sister, who with her children lived at a considerable distance, and to give them a small sum of money which he had saved, he set out one fine autumn morning, hoping to arrive before nightfall at his sister's cottage. His path lay through a portion of the forest; and as he looked up to the clear blue sky, visible through the still thickly-covered branches, his heart rose in thanksgiving to the God of Nature, who had so graciously preserved him so many years. Suddenly he was surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men, who seemed to have sprung from the ground, and with threatening words demanded money.

Trembling, he delivered up his little travelling-bag, telling them to take all he had. After emptying it of the few articles it contained, the chief of the robbers seized him roughly, and asked whether he had any valuables on his person. Still trembling, he answered, "No." With a scornful laugh the robber set him free. Fear seemed to have quickened his steps, and sooner than he had believed it possible he found himself on the outskirt of the wood, and not far from his sister's dwelling, where he hoped in the pleasure of the meeting to forget his misfortune.

Then for the first time he thought of the money which he carried inside the lining of his black velvet cap. He said to himself, it is certainly a sin to steal, but it is also a sin to tell a lie. Am I not as bad as they? how could I die happily with a lie on my conscience? After a few minutes' deliberation, he turned back, determined that, cost what it would, he would restore peace to his mind by telling the robbers what he had done.

The moon had risen before he reached the spot where he had been attacked, and by its light, he saw several of the band sitting on the ground, smoking their long meerschaums and laughing over the contents of his knapsack which lay near. One of them held in his hand a silver bound and clasped prayer book, one of the few family relics the old pastor had possessed, and was just about to tear it asunder. At this moment he perceived the old man, who advancing to him said, in a timid voice, "I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. In saying that I had no other property about me, I did not remember, in my fear at being attacked, that I carried a few gold pieces in the lining of my cap, which I had carefully saved for my poor sister. But I would rather die than have a lie on my conscience, so I have come to give you the money. Here it is," he said, taking it out of his cap.

None of them dared to touch it, so much were they surprised at this strange man, who seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Seeing the impression he had made on them, he continued, in a solemn tone, "I have lived long, and expect soon to stand before the Judge of all men; I dare not appear with a lie in my hand, for God's Word says we must neither lie nor deceive. It is a sad thing to live without God, and more terrible still to die without Him; but worst of all, to be for ever banished from His presence."

Some of the men endeavored to make a jest of these words, but in vain; their guilty consciences accused them of habitually disobeying the command, "Thou shalt not steal." Silently they returned every article they had taken from the old man, who with tears in his eyes, and in a few heartfelt words, exhorted them to repent of their evil ways, before it was too late. "Believe me," said he, "when I became conscious of my sin, I was miserable until I had repented and sought forgiveness; then peace returned to my soul. You, too, are sinners; but if you turn and seek God truly, you will have pardon and peace in this world, and afterwards an eternity of happiness." Then surrounded by them all, he prayed aloud, gave them his blessing, and departed.

During the remainder of his journey it seemed to him as if the dark wood was changed into a pleasant garden, his heart was so full of holy and happy thoughts. His sister and her children received him joyfully, and provided him with the rest and refreshment he so much needed after his long and eventful journey. Till his death, which took place not many months after, he never omitted to pray for that wild robber-band, and he cherished the hope that the occurrence of that day, and the words he had spoken, might be the means of turning even one among them to a new and better life.

THE NATURE OF THE SUN.—Of all the wild theories which have been invented respecting the nature of the sun, perhaps the most extravagant is contained in "A Treatise on the Sublime Science of Heliography, satisfactorily demonstrating our great Orb of Light, the Sun, to be absolutely no other than a Body of Ice!" by Charles Palmer, gent., London, 1798. The sun is a cold body, says the author, because the temperature decreases as we approach it. Further, a convex lens of glass has the property of collecting all the rays which falls upon it at the focus; a lens of ice has the same effect. For these reasons, he believes that the sun is a huge convex mass of ice, which receives the rays of light and heat proceeding from the Almighty himself, and brings them to a focus upon the earth.

Our Recent Fiction.

The authors and authoresses of the day are going in for crimes of every description, from murder downwards, in a manner that is most startling, and Mr. Mudie's leading library will soon become a sort of "Newgate Calendar." What with lovely murderesses, and accomplished bigamists, and spies, and forgers, and here and there an occasional attorney who is on their trail, works of romance seem to be in a fair way to very lively reading before long. The effect produced on sensible and unimaginative people ought to be to render them suspicious of their nearest acquaintances. The young lady who is kind enough to teach one's daughters French and music, looks and talks like an ordinary being, but it is very likely, if we only knew all, that she has got a murderous manuscript in her bed-room, at the elaboration of whose career she is working all her spare hours, and through the vivid delineation of whose amatory and homicidal performances she hopes herself to attain to literary fame. It is difficult to believe how anybody who is to all outward appearance so harmless, and who takes her meals with such regularity, can be engaged in the manufacture of the frightful sentiments and harrowing plots to the production of which she retires, for anything we can tell, when the music lessons and the French are over for the day. If the authoress was in the habit of depicting criminals in tragedy costume, with cloaks over their shoulders and daggers peeping from underneath, haunting some lonely wayside inn or galloping across country on the back of some spirited horse, one would not be so much surprised. Such would seem the natural accessories of horror in which feminine fancy dresses great culprits. But this is not at all the conventional thing. Romantic writers have far too much *savoir vivre* to make their murderers or murderesses do anything so outlandish or absurd. That was the fault of taste committed by writers of an older date, who did not know the world, and were always thinking that criminals went about with a dagger or a bowl. Experience of life teaches the fair novelist, as well as her masculine rivals, that if one wishes to find crime, one has not got to go to the wayside inns, or to watch for shadows alongside garden walls, or to listen for a stealthy footstep on the staircase when the clock is striking midnight; nor can she expect to catch her criminal hero or heroine in modern times performing in this violent and affected style. The murderess of romance nowadays wears Balmoral boots, and goes religiously to kettle-drums. Her beauty is the most dazzling of all the beauty in the ball-room; her step the lightest, and her smile the sweetest, in the waltz. She loves and is beloved, and the husband who in the first volume leads to the altar the fair, innocent creature of nineteen will discover years after, and in the third volume, that before he married her she had already had, and possibly put an end to, a husband or so in private, forged perhaps a casual will, and led the county police a dance for a whole week. The mixture of crime and crinoline gives a reality to the story that is enough to take away the breath of any quiet middle-aged gentleman who takes up such great works of fiction. He knows, from imaginative people like Shakespeare and others, how poison is supposed to be administered in high fictitious life; that some prince catches another prince sleeping in a bower, and pours it in his ear, or that some beautiful Lucretia, after a festal banquet, hands a jeweled goblet containing it to a faithless lover. On the Turf, and among the lower classes he is aware, indeed, that the operation is performed in a less theatrical way; but as he is neither a prince, nor a faithless lover, nor a Dove, nor a Palmer, he concludes that he is tolerably safe and at some distance from all such stirring incidents. But when he peruses the latest novel from the circulating library he is recalled to a sense of his insecure position. Bowers and poisoned goblets are all moonshine and nonsense. The thing is done every day much more simply, and with less ostentation, at a picnic. Blanche finished off Augustus when she handed him the cold pigeon pie with a joke about his appetite, and a hope that he would tell her if he felt inclined for more. When Mariana stayed behind ostensibly to gather a wild rose in the hedge, she was in reality delayed for a minute or so in the occupation of stabbing Reginald and burying his body in a ditch. When she skips up, rose in hand, a quarter of an hour later, her laugh is just as genial as ever, and she will distribute five o'clock tea to her friends the same afternoon without a cloud on her sweet sunny brow. Such is the teaching of the novel of the age. A quiet man thinks all this very terrible, and opines that the book must have been written by a she fiend. Nothing of the kind. It has been written by the wife of the curate in an adjoining parish, or by a clever governess, or an amiable blue-stocking, whose time hangs heavy on her hands, and who composes this sort of thing when she is tired of composing hymns.—*London Saturday Review.*

Being Disagreeable.

I confess that to me being passively disagreeable seems a deal worse than being actively so. In the latter case it works itself off somehow; and, like the egg-boiler, with the sand in it, though it runs out slowly enough, yet it's all gone at last, until some new accident of circumstance turns the mental constitution upside down again, and the same process has to be gone through once more. I am reminded of the Quaker in the seaport town, who, hearing a sailor noisily demonstrative, said, "Haste thee, good friend, and get all that bad stuff out of thee." There is some hope that matters will improve in the actively disagreeable constitution; most combustible things work themselves off somehow; and certainly Nature after a storm is very fresh and fragrant indeed. But only imagine your passively disagreeable person! Why, there is no knowing when that horrible hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens will wake: you may wait half the day, and surreptitiously poke him with a pointed stick, but there the lubberly creature lies, as ugly and as full of immobility as ever. To have to wear a tight boot on tender corns all day would almost equal the cleverest tortures of the Inquisition; yet how peculiarly passive the boot is. If Mr. Barley, the big farmer, treads accidentally on your corns, it's—oh!—it's very terrible; but then you begin to recover, and you have hope. But a tight boot, or a toothache, all day, and the next—and the next—oh! dear. Nevertheless, this is what *does* occur in human affairs. Who has not heard of people—yes, and decent people on the whole—having the sulks for three days, or a week, injuring their own digestion, and other people's too, by an uncommunicative silence, losing precious opportunities for a little pleasure by a persistency in the dumps?

UNFORGOTTEN.

Sweet Lady mine, the faded rose
Is often dearer than the flower
Fresh gathered; so each memory grows
More precious since the parting hour:
And all Love's artist-hand can give
Of glowing tint and tender shade,
Is with me, that your face may live
In colors that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,
Though all the room is lone and bare;
And oft at eventide I hear
Your phantom footstep on the stair;
A presence in the gathering gloom
Thrills all my pulses with delight,
And seems to glorify the room
With loveliness denied my sight.

And little reck I that long miles
Of smiling lands and foamy sea
Divide us; love at distance smiles,
And holds the willing winds in fee;
And every wind that rocks the clouds,
Or gently moulds them in the blue,
Bears love-thoughts in tumultuous crowds,
Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

The Poisons of Human Diseases.

The poison of scarlet fever, although it has not yet been separated and carried on an ivory point or a lancet, like that of small pox, is unquestionably a solid poison. It appears to be thrown off with the epithelial covering of the skin and mucous membrane. It travels very short distances by the air, but it holds tenaciously to solid articles. We have direct evidence, which we have elsewhere systematically detailed, that this poison may be carried by a letter, by a slipper, and by any article of clothing. In the wretched homes of the poor in the agricultural districts it is retained in the thatch which forms too often the ceiling of the bedroom. It does not seem to be communicable by direct inoculation (although the evidence on this point is doubtful,) but taken into the lungs or mouth by being inhaled, it impregnates the susceptible body, and gives rise to further disease. Like the poison of small-pox it is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr. The poison of measles resembles that of scarlet fever. It differs mainly in that it is thrown off from the bronchial and nasal surfaces rather than from the skin. It has also the property of holding tenaciously to solid articles of clothing, and it is conveyed very short distances by the air. It is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr. The poison of whooping-cough—as Dr. Hyde Salter first pointed out—is formed perhaps exclusively in one part of the body—namely, in the pharynx or upper part of the throat. It is essentially a local poison, very irritating in its nature; by this irritating property it excites those extreme paroxysms of cough which mark the disorder. The poison travels the smallest distance, and immediate contact of breath to breath appears to be necessary for its conveyance. We have never ourselves known an instance in which it has been carried by articles of clothing. It is possible that a pocket-handkerchief, used first by a person suffering from whooping-cough, and afterwards, previously to its being cleaned, by a susceptible person, would convey the disorder; but this is an extreme case, put rather to show the difficulty of conveyance than the probability. In our experience, the disease has never been communicated except by the closest communion—as by children sleeping together, or playing together and kissing each other, or by a mother communicating with her sick child. The poison is destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr. The poison of diphtheria is conveyed with even more difficulty than that of whooping-cough. It is formed in the secretions of the nose and throat of those affected, but it seems to be only communicable when those secretions are carried—as in the act of coughing by the sick person—directly and in the fluid form, into the mouth or nostrils of the susceptible person. We have even known an escape after this event, and we are inclined to think that an abraded mucous surface is necessary for the poison to take effect. There is no evidence whatever that the poison has ever been conveyed by clothing; it is without doubt decomposed and destroyed at 212 deg. Fahr.—*Social Science Review.*

National Salutations.

Nothing affords more interest and amusement than an examination of the various modes of salutation practised by the nations of the earth. To a certain degree these forms may be regarded as a partial index of national character, or the circumstances of national life. The Hebrew salutation was "Peace." With the old Greeks the form was "Rejoice," and with the Romans, "Be healthy," "Be strong," and sometimes, "What doest thou?" The modern Greeks use the form "What doest thou?" In France they say, "How do you carry yourself?" In Germany, "How do you find yourself?" In Spain, "How goes it?" In Italy, "How does she stand?" In Holland, "How do you fare?" and sometimes, "Have you had a good dinner?" In the West Indies, the negroes say, "Have you had a good sleep?" In Sweden, "How can you?" In Poland, "Art thou gay?" and "How hast thou thyself?" and in Russia, "Be well," and "How do you live on?" A common exclamation in Russia, which means literally "God be with you," has degenerated of late years into the opposite, "Devil take you." In the sickly districts of Egypt, where fevers are common and dangerous, they salute one by saying, "How goes the perspiration? Do you sweat copiously?" In China they ask, "Have you eaten your rice? Is your stomach in good condition?" Among the many forms used by the Turks and Arabs, are the following:—"May your morning be good," "God grant thee His favors," "If God will, thou art well," used by the latter, and "Be under the care of God," "My prayers are for thee," "Forget me not in your prayers," used by the former. The Persians say, "Is thy exalted condition good?" "May thy shadow never grow less," and "Peace be upon thee." In old times the English said, "God save you, sir," which was at a later period contracted into "Save you, sir," and the parting "Good-by," is contracted from "God be with you." Our "farewell," which is said to be an indication of national character, is a direct translation of the German "lebewohl," good living being, it is presumed, equally appreciated by both nations.

☞ Mrs. Whiggles expressed her disappointment the other day, on taking up the paper, thus: "Lor' sakes, there aint a single living person dead that I know. It seems to me there aint no news in this 'ere paper."

THE DREAMER.

Oftenest her skies were overhung
By sad clouds, dropping sudden tears;
Yet some white days, like pearls were strung
Upon her golden thread of years.

And when remembrance turned to slip
Through fingers fond the treasures fair,
What marvel if her heart and lip
Ran over into song and prayer.

This were not much, yet more than this—
Sometimes, I think, her spirit bowed
Itself almost in thankfulness,
For life's great blessings disallowed.

For, hushing her rebellious will,
She said, through tears and bitter pain,
Something is left to dream of still,
To hope for—it may be to gain.

With joys more exquisite and deep
Than mine have been, this good world teems.
Yet, as a recompense, I keep
The blessed luxury of dreams.

And broken once, by shock or doubt,
Or thought that visions may be vain,
No art can piece or finish out
Their perfect witchery again.

And so, she said, though life has lost
The best it hoped, the best it willed,
My sweetest dream has not been crossed,
Or worse, but only half fulfilled.

And keeping near me to beguile
From that which others call the truth,
Are Hope and Fancy all the while,
Feeding my heart's eternal youth. P. C.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

The party reached Harris's Station without any adventures worth telling, and leaving Adam there, the others pushed on without delay towards Philadelphia, reaching it some time in advance of Dunbar, who, with the reserve of the army, which had never been in the battle, arrived on the 29th of August, and immediately went into winter quarters.

There was a joyful time, you may be sure, when the wanderers, who had almost been given up as dead, made their appearance in the room where Mr. Morton and his family were sitting, nursing their own sad thoughts in silence.

It was dusk, but the candles had not yet been lighted; uncle Mose, his hair as bushy as ever, was solemnly marching across the room towards the tea-table, behind a large waiter full of dishes, and did not observe the three figures which entered the door just after him. He was slightly astonished, therefore, to see the whole family spring up and rush forward, as he supposed, directly at him, and decidedly bewildered at finding himself the next moment seated on the floor with the waiter on his lap and the dishes gyrating in all directions around him. This little mishap was caused by his attempting to step aside as Carrie came towards him, and so, unfortunately, planting himself right in the way of Ellen, who was coming from the other side, and, of course, came right against him, with the full weight of a body which, though not particularly heavy, was not liable to be mistaken for anything but solid flesh and blood.

"Who-who-who-dat?" gasped Mose, as soon as he could catch his breath, well nigh knocked out of him by the shock; "'clar to man, Miss Ellen, if ye haan't done broke all de dishes—an' spill all de tea—and all de cream—an' upset de muffins—an' dar's de butter a-rollin' under de table—an' you's mos' bump de li'fe out o' Mose—"

"Get up, Mose," said a well known voice behind him; "we'll hear the rest another time."

Mose screwed his head around to make sure that he was right, and then springing up, sending the waiter flying after the dishes, he contrived to get hold of Philip's hand.

"Bress de Lord! you's got back, Mas'r Philip; ye wan't keech by de kyemuments—you's got yer skelp on, isn't you? De laws, Mas'r Philip, but I's glad. If ye only knowed how often 'n often I's laid awake all night, a'thinkin' about you an' de doctor—I had dreffel prognostications; an' den I'd git awake, an' 'twas all dark."

"I thought you were awake all the time, Mose," said Ellen, quietly.

"Yes 'n sure 'nough, so I was—dat is, I was kinder 'sleep 'n kinder wake. Oh sho' now, don't poke fun at de ole culled pusson," exclaimed Mose, a glimmering of his mistake dawning upon him; "anyhow, de prognostications was dreffel; dey mus' ha' come true 'bout somebody."

"If they were of death and disaster, uncle Mose," said Philip, "they came true of a good many men, though not of us. All our scalps are safe."

"Well, Mose," said Mrs. Morton, who was the first to recover her equanimity under the housewifely exasperation of seeing all the tea things spread upon the floor, instead of the table, "suppose you gather up the things and put them on the table, make some more tea and muffins, and let us have tea."

While Mose was gathering up the fragments, Captain Lowell, who had kept back at first, came forward and was welcomed almost as warmly, though not in precisely the same style, as his companions had been.

The Mortons had been the only cabin passengers in the ship on which they came over, and had conceived a strong liking for the young captain, who had been much in their company on the voyage; he had been favored in this by the calm weather, which had been uninterrupted from port to port, even by the prodigious gale of which William M. Bitts, Esq., first mate of the good ship Computer, was giving so lucid an account on the evening when the captain was first introduced, and which, from its beginning to its untimely end, was entirely a myth of William's active imagination.

There was something about him very different from the usual run of merchant-captains of the day, who were generally rough old sea-dogs who had entered the ship through the hawse-holes, and worked their way aft with their hands in the tar-bucket, which too often left its smirch upon their manners as well as upon their hands; hard, driving, energetic fellows, who, by reason of their rugged outside crust, got credit for a good deal more softness of heart and concealed goodness than they were entitled to, and far more at home on the quarter deck, hailing the main-cross-trees in a gale, with every other word ballasted by an oath—to keep the wind from blowing it away—than in talking to ladies at a quiet tea-table.

Captain Lowell had gone on his ship "through the cabin windows," as William, Esq., had said, and had learned to be a gentleman before he became a sailor. Nevertheless, he was a thorough seaman, perfect master of his profession, both in its practical details and in some things in advance of the limited naval science of his day.

What was still more rare and refreshing, his conversation, except when actually bearing upon his profession, was entirely clear of the slang of the deck. On shore, no one would have suspected him of being a sailor; on duty, no one would have suspected him of being anything else.

After the meal was ended and the things cleared away, the conversation through the evening was, of course, mainly upon topics already familiar to the reader, so that it is not worth while to recapitulate it.

The next morning, Captain Lowell called on the family to bid them farewell.

"Why, you are not going so soon!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton; "can't you spend a little more time with us? You have had no rest at all, after your long journey."

"Thank you," said the captain, "I don't feel the need of rest at all, and I must get to Boston as soon as possible; I have some matters there that require looking after;" and he glanced significantly at Sexton, who returned the glance in the same way, the black eyes of the two men lighting up with a momentary flash and glitter that would have added nothing to the comfort of those they were thinking of, could they have seen them.

As the captain went out, he beckoned to Sexton, unperceived by the others, to follow him.

"I can guess part of your business in Boston, Lowell," said the latter, when they were alone, "and I would like to help you, if I could."

"No," said Lowell, "this is my quarrel, Sexton, and I must manage it single handed; you must not mix in it, because you have no personal interest; and Philip must keep clear of it, for his own sake, and because it wouldn't do at all for him to appear in it. In him, it would only look like spite; in me it will be retribution."

So saying, he shook hands with Sexton, and in an hour afterwards was on his way to Boston, then, as now, the "hub" of the universe, so recognized, universally—in Boston.

It was a year before they saw him again. What he was doing during that year, I must tell in another place.

While it was passing, some changes had taken place in the affairs of those he had left in Philadelphia.

About a week after his departure, Mr. Morton received the following letter.

"*London, June 2nd, 1756.*
"LINCOLN'S INN.

"Dear Sir: We have ye melancholy pleasure of announc'g to you ye recent demise of your resp. and maternal uncle, Caleb Grimston, Esq., of Moore Park, Surrey, who depart'd this life ye 11th May, ultimo; by whose Will duly proved and regist'd at Doct's Com'ns, you are entitled to ye sum, after deduct'g taxes, costs and fees, of £23,864 10s. 4½d. sterling, as residuary legatee of his personal est'e. If not convenient to come and claim in person, your dft. upon us, accomp'd by cert. of identity, will be duly hon'rd.

"We have ye hon. to remain
"Ye. obt. serv'ts,
"JONES & CARSTON,
"Solicitors &c.

"P.S. We have made some inquiries concern'g yer manor of Beechwold, but ye present owner declines to sell, except at a preposterous price, say £75,000. J. & C."

"What's the matter, father?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, alarmed, as her husband sank back in his chair, "are you sick, or is there bad news?"

Mr. Morton held the letter out to her, unable to speak, in the overpowering rush of feeling.

She read it hastily over 'till she came to the figures, and gasping "Twenty-three thousand pounds!" sank back into her own chair, even more overcome than her husband.

The letter passed from hand to hand, eliciting various expressions of delight, mingled with regrets that the prospect of redeeming the dear old home seemed as hopeless as ever.

The question was now, however, what was best to be done, in view of their unexpected good fortune.

Sexton, with his cool head and hard, practical common sense, was called into council.

His advice was prompt and explicit.

"The first thing to be done is to realize the money; try the cheaper plan first; send the draft, with the certificate they require, under cover, to my father; he knows your signature perfectly well, and will answer as an additional voucher, if required; if he obtain the money, let him deposit it in the Bank of England, and send you a bill of exchange for it; should he fail to obtain it, then it will be time enough for you to go over; that is, unless you mean to go back there to live again."

"No," said Mr. Morton; "as I cannot get the old homestead again, I will remain here."

The draft and certificate were sent out by the next ship, and in due time were answered by the bill of exchange, and Mr. Morton was once more independent; for the country where he then was, and the time, a wealthy man. Indeed, if I, in the same country, in this year of grace 1866, had been blessed with half so much, I am afraid the world would never have been made acquainted with his good fortune, nor with the adventures of Philip Morton and all the other nice people I am telling you such a long story about.

If anybody will oblige me by giving me a trial, I will pledge myself to make as good use of it as Mr Morton did; for with the old English landholder's instinct, the first impulse was to buy himself a house and some land, particularly the latter.

There was a tract of some sixty or seventy acres up the Schuylkill, which had been for some time in the market. It had a large house about the middle of it, upon a rise in the ground, which overlooked the river, with a full view of the rolling country on the other side, to the west. The house was solidly built and thoroughly well finished, having been erected by its former owner for his own use. He had over-speculated himself, however, and was now compelled to sell the whole place, to prevent the sheriff from doing it for him. It had been intended as a luxurious country-seat, and the grounds immediately around the house were laid out with a good deal of taste, though the plan had not yet been entirely carried out, the financial cramp having seized the owner a little too soon.

This was another inducement to Mr. Morton to buy the place, as it would give him some occupation, at least for a while.

A bargain having been finally concluded, the papers were taken to a lawyer to have the transfer made; and Mr. Morton, who had never before purchased any real estate, and supposed that nothing was to be done but to have the deed written and signed, and then quietly take it with him, learned what a cumbersome thing such a little matter might be in the hands of the law.

First the title was to be examined, to see if any links were wanting or had got twisted, in its descent from the original patent.

This brought to light a quit-rent to the proprietary, of six English silver undefaced shillings, or in lieu thereof, one bushel of sound wheat, yearly. This had to be removed, by a deed for that special purpose. Then came an old right of way which ran directly through the kitchen of the house, from the adjoining property to the river. Nobody had ever used it or made any formal claim to it, but there it was, running through all the deeds, and required a release from the parties entitled to it. This involved another deed and a payment to the other parties who suddenly discovered that they had been ill used in not having their rights, and were decidedly inclined to have a liberal compensation therefor—then there was an outstanding right of dower in an old lady supposed to be living somewhere in New York or Boston, and who must be hunted up and bought off, if possible; this involved another payment and another deed, when the old lady, after several weeks' delay and infinite trouble was at last found and made to understand that executing the release did not necessarily involve the relinquishment of all her rights in this world and the next—then came a ground rent of £4 per annum, created by the original patentee when he sold the tract, and which, having become irredeemable by lapse of time, had to be cleared away, at the owner's own price; for Mr. Morton was determined to have nobody's finger in the pie but his own—here was another deed—then, the search for what are technically called "incumbrances" revealed an existing mortgage, covering this and two adjoining tracts—a release from it of this property must be made; another deed!—then a second mortgage made by the present owner; this could have been settled without a deed had it not been that the mortgagee was in England, and had left no authority with any one to act for him in regard to it. It was necessary, therefore, to send over and get a power of attorney from him, to some one to enter satisfaction on the mortgage. Here was at least three months delay and another deed, a small one to be sure.

And then there was the deed to Mr. Morton, an enormous sheet of parchment, reciting all these previous deeds, and finally, there was the lawyer's bill!

Mr. Morton opened his eyes, took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them on again, took a second look, but there it was:

Examination of title and preparing abstract	£30
Release of quit-rent	1
" " right of way and exps.	30
" " dower " "	50
Extinc. " grd. rent	3
Release " mortgage	1
Letter of atty. and expenses	10
Searches and services	25
Deed to Mr. Morton	5
Recording	6
Total	£161

Seven deeds for one piece of land!

Mr. Morton gave a third look at the bill, and—paid it, and then hurried home with his papers for fear another stumbling-block might be discovered. However, he had it all, now, safe and clear, and nothing remained but to take possession.

In the course of another month the family were comfortably settled in their new home; they had seen the glorious "changing of the leaves" in the latter part of October, a sight that none of them had ever beheld before; all around was a billowy sea of warm, rich colors, blended as mortal painter never blended colors upon his canvas, purple and red and green and yellow and brown, of every variety and depth of tint, rolling back to the West, beyond the beautiful river, fading and fusing together until it faded into the hazy blue of the horizon.

They had seen the colors sadden gradually into the dusky brown of November—they had seen and felt the delicious Indian summer, a time in which to them, as Tennyson says, "It seemed always afternoon."

This had gone by and

"The melancholy days had come,
The saddest of the year;
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere."

The time had come to gather around the wood fire, crackling in the little fire-place, (recently contrived by the same Benjamin Franklin who had given Braddock such good advice some months before, and who had a passion for what is comprehensively called "tinkering,") not so much because you are cold, though the evenings are chilly, as because there is such a cosy feeling about it. The time when the corn, already cut, is standing in the field, awaiting the huskers who go from shock to shock stripping the leaves from the great yellow ears; when little boys go out to help "husk on" and perversely throw "nubbins" and "mud-ears" and ears "welted" with mould, indiscriminately into the same basket—when the huge pumpkins recline lazily on the ground, strung along their wandering vines—when the rabbit darts from the shock as the huskers come to it and darts across to the thicket, followed instantly by all the boys, the stump-tailed bull-dog and three "pups"—when the wind walks over the hills, with that indescribably mournful cadence which belongs only to the autumn winds, or roars through the pines upon the mountain side, heaving and threshing their great green arms about, or whistles and shrieks among the naked branches of the trees whose leaves have wilted and fallen.

There are some people—I am one of them—whose blood is always set flying through their veins by mournful music. The autumn winds affect me in the same way; I grow wonderfully restless when I hear their voice, and pine for a sight of the fields and trees, and the shadows of the windy clouds chasing each other across hill-side and meadow; for the old time rambles over the country, along the by-lanes and through the rustling paths of the leafless woods.

Ah! me! If I ever see those days again I fear it will not be till I am too old and too much broken into work-a-day harness to enjoy them, as I once did.

The Mortons went on, quiet and happy in their returned prosperity, Sexton there, regularly two or three times a week, and as much oftener as he could leave his office; for he had established himself as a physician in the city, and had, already, an extensive practice among that class of patients who give the most employment and the least pay to young doctors; his thorough medical knowledge, however, was rapidly raising him into a more lucrative practice, and he had a fair prospect of being able, soon, to support two people upon it, with the assistance of his private means, which were respectable. And now, having got the family and the army fairly settled in winter quarters, with no Indians or other wild beasts to disturb them, I must leave them, to close up matters with some of the other people who are on my hands, and then close up my story.

CHAPTER XXI.

I left Captain Lowell in Boston. He had reached the city without any definite plan of action with regard to the main business that called him there, but resolved to be guided by circumstances.

The first thing he did was to go to his uncle's counting-house. The old gentleman looked up from his ledger as the door, which was standing open, was darkened by the form of the young man.

Shading his eyes for a moment, he looked intently at the slight figure standing before him with folded arms, and then recognizing him, rose from his chair, exclaiming—

"Ah! Russell, my boy; so you didn't get killed in the terrible massacre down in the Quaker Province; we've been very anxious about you; Jane will be delighted to see you; how do you do? give me your hand, my dear boy; bless me! what am I thinking of? take a seat; I want to have a long talk with you."

Lowell, however, stood still, with his arms folded, taking no notice of the offered hand or chair, until his uncle had run out of words.

Then, without changing his position, and speaking slowly and with sufficient emphasis, he said,

"Uncle Calvin, do you know Philip Morton?"

"Philip Morton!" exclaimed the old gentleman, starting and turning pale, "what about Philip Morton? Do you know him?"

"I do," said the captain, "and I have learned, from strangers, since I saw you, a story which you must have known but forgot to tell me, when I was here before. Why was it concealed from me, and by my father's brother?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed his uncle.

"What do I mean!" exclaimed the young man, contemptuously; what do I mean? You told me of poor Mary's death, but you didn't tell me how it was brought about."

"I couldn't tell you, Russell; I couldn't bear to; you know how I am situated with regard to Mrs. Lawrence's family. How was I to suppose you would meet young Morton, and so soon, too? I didn't want to rake up matters that there was no human probability you would ever learn, unless I told you, and run the risk of bringing ill blood between you and my son-in-law."

"You speak of it coolly, sir. I suppose it is a small matter to you, in view of your alliance with this family; it is not so to me. Did it occur to you that it might be better for you to 'rake up' such matters, as you term it, than to leave it for me to do? There is an old proverb which says that 'murder will out;' you have found it true."

"I acted for the best, Russell, indeed I did," said the old man, piteously.

"That is to say," replied Russell, coldly, "you acted in the way you thought would give you the least trouble; you need not have been apprehensive; I shall give you no trouble about it; I will take it for granted that you were no party to the plan—"

"I was not; upon my soul I was not!" said his uncle, earnestly. "As I live, I knew nothing of it till poor Mary herself told me before she died."

"And afterwards, knowing this, you allowed your own daughter to take her place?"

"I couldn't prevent it," said the old man, helplessly. "Jane was headstrong and wilful, and had got entirely beyond my control; she was determined to marry young Lawrence, and I had to choose between giving my consent and seeing her do it without. It was no wish of mine to have her form such a connection; but when it was done, and Mrs. Lawrence was brought into such a relation to me, I thought it would cause less unhappiness to you to remain in ignorance of—of—what you know, and avoid any future difficulty—"

"For yourself!" interrupted the young man, fiercely; "and I was to be hoodwinked by all; I was to associate with, to respect, to continue on the old friendly terms with this woman and her daughter; to talk with them of my poor sister and hear them foul her memory with the slime of their praise; to console me with their smooth words of regret and preachings of firmness and resignation under the heavy dispensation, as they did when I was here before, while my murdered sister's blood was calling to me unheard; I was to be a puppet in your hands and theirs, to be played with for the amusement or the profit of these two heartless women. Now look you, sir, this subject has been spoken of between us for the first and last time, and my knowledge of it must be confined to yourself; no hint of it must escape you, by word or sign or look—"

"You forget yourself, young man," said the uncle, beginning to be roused by this unceremonious talk; "I am not accustomed to be told what I shall say or shall not say, particularly by boys—"

"Nevertheless, you will have to submit to it, in this instance," said Russell, sternly, "as you will find that the boy who left you five years ago has come back man enough to make you wish you had cut your tongue out before you let it meddle with his affairs unasked."

"You are talking to your father's elder brother, Russell Lowell," said the old man; "have you no respect left for his memory?"

"I am talking with you as man to man, sir; my father's brother had no right to leave me in ignorance of such a thing as this, and he has forfeited all claim to respect or consideration from me upon that score."

He turned to leave the room.

"Russell, Russell," said the old gentleman, "I will say nothing about it; but promise me that you won't quarrel with my son-in-law about this matter, for Jane's sake, if not for mine."

"Set your mind at ease, sir," said Russell, turning slightly; "I have nothing to quarrel with him about; I don't give him credit for sense or manhood enough to have been anything but a passive tool in the hands of his mother and sister; keep your own counsel and I shall not disturb him; betray it, and I will."

And, turning on his heel, he was gone.

The next night but one, Mrs. Lawrence, in happy ignorance of what had transpired in Calvin Lowell's counting-house, gave a party to "welcome home the runaway," she said.

Russell found her note awaiting him on his arrival at his lodgings, and immediately sent an acceptance. How she found out his arrival in the town so soon, is more than I can tell; but there was the note, showing that she knew it.

Why he accepted her invitation, after his very free expressions of opinion a few minutes before, he must explain for himself by word or act, as we go along. On the appointed evening he was there, and so was his uncle, watching him furtively, but with painful solicitude.

There was no trace of the stern, relentless man who had bearded him two days before in the gay, jesting, talkative cavalier, whose long black, unpowdered hair, hanging in waving masses from his head, instead of being tied up behind in the hideous queue which the beaux of that day affected, and whose heavy moustache did not seem at all outlandish in connection with the handsome uniform of a captain in the Spanish navy which he wore.

Mrs. Lawrence, wonderful to behold, under a tower of hair piled up and rolled back, twisted and curled, and tortured into a complicated enormity that must have cost her hours of agony under the hands of the hair-dresser to achieve, wearing a rich brocade dress with a waist that looked half as long as herself, was waiting anxiously to receive him. When he came she led him immediately to her daughter, saying,

"There, my dear, take care of Captain Lowell, and introduce him; I can't stay with you now."

The daughter was a fine, showy looking girl, some three or four years older than Lowell, but looking actually younger, owing to the effect of exposure—a terrible enemy to freshness and juvenility—upon the face of the latter.

Apparently without a thought except of enjoyment, he abandoned himself to her guidance; danced, chatted, sang a Spanish love song, at the request of a sentimental young lady, who was surprised to see that he had no guitar with him, and was still more surprised to see him accompany himself on the harpsichord; and in a general way, suffered himself to be shown off for the glorification of Mrs. L., and the amusement of the company, with a docility which seemed to that estimable lady, to promise an easy success in some little plans which she had formed.

She noticed, complacently that whenever an opportunity occurred he sought, though not obtrusively, her daughter's company, and seemed to take a particular pleasure in being near her and talking with her.

Unconsciously to herself, she was watched by Lowell, quite as narrowly as he was by her, and his lip curled slightly two or three times, as he saw her face light up with triumph while a meaning glance was exchanged between her and her daughter.

So the evening went on, Mrs. Lawrence congratulating herself on the innocent manner in which her victim had walked into the trap, without giving her any trouble; while Lowell, with a smiling face and his heart full of hard and bitter purpose, played around it and nibbled at the bait.

The "runaway" had no cause to complain of his welcome at the hands of those who had known him before his departure five years ago; perhaps the uniform he wore, and wore as if he was used to it, too, made their welcome none the less hearty. Certainly it was an agreeable surprise to Mrs. Lawrence as well as to her daughter—bless me! I've been talking about her all this time, without introducing her—"Miss Flora Lawrence," with their high-strung notions of gentility, to find that their protégé as they were beginning to think him, followed the gentlemanly occupation of killing people, instead of plebian one of only making himself useful to them.

They were poor, and were becoming poorer; they were proud, and were becoming prouder in an inverse ratio to their poverty. The Lowells were rich, equally proud, or nearly so, Mrs. Lawrence admitted magnanimously, and would be quite so, if Mr. Calvin would only give up trade.

She had succeeded in marrying her son into one branch of the family, and now intended to marry her daughter into the other.

The former had been done without any formality of consulting her son's private and personal feelings upon the subject.

In the latter her daughter was seconding her manœuvres nobly, and Russell gave every evidence of being as much interested as they could desire, upon so short an experience. He was a constant visitor at the house; waited upon Flora everywhere, though it always happened that it was at her request or her mother's, which he seemed only too happy to comply with.

It was considered a settled thing. Old ladies congratulated him on his conquest of the showy beauty. Young ladies jested with him on his devotion to Flora, and pitied him in their hearts; whether because she had got him, or because they had not, I leave for them to say.

His acquaintances among the young men rallied him on mastering the heart that had used a dozen of their own as playthings, and tossed them away one by one.

To all this Russell smiled and shook his head for answer. "It was nothing but family friendship," he said; "they were the oldest friends he had in Boston, and they had been kind to him. Couldn't he call upon a lady now and then, and walk with her sometimes, without being engaged to her?"

But still society only smiled knowingly and tossed its head at this transparent attempt to hoodwink it.

They were right on one point. The girl's heart, which had never been touched before, was now fairly enkindled. The girl was madly in love with him; and gave her independent nature its full and unrestrained play in worshiping it.

Still, Russell spoke no word of love. He was as attentive as at first, but not a whit more so; there was just as much interest and attention manifested, and just as little passion.

He watched the demonstrations of the girl's love, that were as eager as even with her reckless abandonment to the passion that controlled her, she dared to make them, without inviting, without repelling them.

There was one person who watched all this with anxious foreboding. It was Calvin Lowell.

Twenty times he had been upon the point of putting Mrs. Lawrence upon her guard by telling her of the interview between himself and Russell. But the recollection of the latter's look when they parted, and a vague undefined dread of evil which always accompanied the thought, stopped him, and the words were never spoken.

So matters went on for nearly a year. Flora Lawrence's "billing and cooing," and the complacent, but reticent way in which Lowell received it, as a matter of course, had become the town talk. "He was sure enough of her," everybody said, "she took pains enough to show it; why didn't they get married? She was ready, and he was able; then, why didn't they get married, you know?"

The same question occurred to Mrs. Lawrence frequently, and at last fixed itself so persistently upon her mind that she determined to bring the matter to an issue.

It came at last, but not as she had expected. It was just approaching sunset, on a fine summer evening. The whole family, including Calvin Lowell, with his son-in-law and daughter, were at Mrs. Lawrence's, standing in the library with Russell, looking out at the bay through the large window. The sunset clouds were piled along the horizon in rich crimson masses, their edges fringed with the burnished gold that gleams only from the mountains of the gorgeous cloud-land, as the sun, half sunk behind them, sent his upper rays blazing across them and over the water, lighting up the crests of the dancing white caps, now sparkling on the white sails of the small craft that were shooting about the bay, now leaving them in dark shadow as they tacked; the fresh evening wind, cool and moist, came through the open window.

It was an hour of calm enjoyment as they all stood silently gazing on the scene. For a while no one spoke; each seemed to be, as it were, absorbing the delicious, dreamy influence of the hour. Even the loutish son had almost an expression in his puffy face.

At last Flora spoke.

"How delicious this is; what a sweet sadness it brings upon the soul. Sing for us, Russell, won't you? Something in unison with the scene."

Russell, who was leaning with his arms folded against one side of the deep window, absorbed in thought and apparently taking little notice of what was passing, started slightly, and then, without making any other reply, began, in his rich tenor voice, so softly at first that it might rather have been called crooning than singing—

"Will you carry me to the shore, Father?
Will you carry me to the shore?
I want to see the white-caps break
And hear the wild surf roar.
I want to feel the breeze, Father,
That's tossing the white caps now;
That has travelled a thousand miles of sea
To cool my burning brow.

"I want to see the sails again
In the golden sunlight glance;
And the sea gulls swirling round the cliff,
And the breakers' stormy dance;
And the light-house on the cliff, Father,
Like a giant old and gray,
Still pointing aloft when the mad gale howls
And the bright sun gilds the bay.

"I must see them all once more, Father,
I must see them all once more;
'Tis the last boon I shall ever ask,
Will you carry me to the shore?
And I'll meet Death by the open sea,
And so gently there he'll come,
That you'll think I've only gone to sleep,
When the weary soul's gone home."

Lowell had a sweet, rich voice, which, when he chose, he could modulate into a tenderness and sadness that seemed liquid with tears; it required no effort, however, on this occasion; for with the last words of the song came a vision that filled his tones, involuntarily, with such a flood of wailing grief, that Mrs. Lawrence's eyes were dim with moisture, while the tears rolled unchecked from those of Flora and Jane. Even Mr. Lowell, senior, blew his nose and wiped his spectacles.

Russell's stern purpose wavered for a moment, as he saw the effect of his song upon Flora, but again the vision of his dead sister came up before him, and he became hard as steel again.

After pausing a moment, he began, speaking slowly, in a low, clear, distinct voice, every syllable striking upon the ears of those around him like the blow of a hammer upon an anvil.

"This day, three years ago, Mary Lowell went home, weary and heart-broken, slain by the treachery of those whom she loved and trusted. Two women, to whom she confided everything, plotted together to destroy her happiness for their own selfish purposes; to do this they stooped to the foulest treachery; to duplicity, to lying, to forgery of letters; to estrange her from her betrothed husband, whom they knew she loved, they enveloped her in such a network of lies and forgeries, that the poor child, hardly knowing what falsehood and treachery were, for she had not been trained in such an atmosphere, at last believed what they told her, and in her despair, became their passive victim. Don't interrupt me; I shall not trouble you long.

"While this was going on, they were practising the same deception upon Philip Morton—it is too late to start or look surprised now—but he knew the world better than Mary did, and came, as soon as his duty would allow him, to see for himself whether his affianced wife was the heartless flirt she was made to appear. He came too late to save her; he was only in time to see her die. But he was in time to shatter to pieces the ingenious plot by which he was to have been made the husband of Flora Lawrence, who now had to begin anew, and try her art, in which she was well practised, upon some one else.

"Mary's brother, whom all had thought dead, came home, ignorant of these things, and those who should have told him all, beguiled him with a plausible story which he saw no reason for questioning, and they who knew how his sister had been murdered, and they who did the deed flattered themselves that all danger was over. But he learned the story, no matter how, and came back to Boston to give Flora Lawrence and her mother a chance of trying their arts upon himself.

"They have tried them, and failed? Even if he had been the innocent boy they thought him, they would have failed, after such encouraging demonstrations of regard as they favored him with.

"Did you expect, Mrs Lawrence," he added, changing his narrative tone, and speaking directly at the elder lady, "did you expect to silence the voice of Mary's wrongs, by manoeuvring her brother into a marriage with your daughter? Did you expect, Flora Lawrence," he exclaimed, turning short upon the girl, who was standing with her hands locked tightly together, bending forward with lips apart and quivering as she gazed at the cold, impassive face of the speaker with a look of such utter misery, that he felt touched by it in spite of himself—"did you expect that the hand that struck down my sister's life would ever be clasped in mine? No, no, lady; you have met my purpose, more than half-way; while trying to entangle me, you have lost yourself; you love me—that I know; you have shown it so plainly that your name is the theme of the light jests of all the town. You gave it unsought; I never spoke a word of tenderness to you, for I never had a feeling which such a word would not have belied. I do not love you, Flora Lawrence; I do not hate you, now; you are no more to me than the idle wind that is dancing over the white caps yonder. I came here to humble you; you have humbled yourself. To-day I leave you and Boston forever."

He turned as he spoke, to leave the room.

"Oh! Russell, dear Russell!" exclaimed the girl, passionately, darting forward and clasping his hand tightly with both her own, "do not speak such cruel words! I do love you; I never loved any one before; do not cast me off thus, or I shall die; I will be your slave, be anything, go with you anywhere, if you will only love me and not look at me so coldly."

"It cannot be, Flora," he said, more kindly than he had ever spoken to her before, and gently disengaging his hand. "It cannot be. The grave is between you and me, not to be crossed. I have no love to give you. We will probably never see each other again, in this world. Farewell."

He turned again and was gone.

The retribution had come at last.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

How to Save Your Teeth.

Mr. Beecher, who is something of a physician, as well as theologist, farmer, editor, author, lecturer and reformer generally, says:—

"Our teeth decay, hence bad breath, unseemly mouths, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? It is a want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place—ninety-eight degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer. Cleanliness will preserve the teeth to an old age. Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating; brush and white castile soap every morning; the brush with pure water on retiring. Bestow this trifling care upon your precious teeth, and you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

"Sugar, acids, hot drinks, saleratus, are nothing compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Mercury may loosen the teeth, use may wear them out, but keep them clean, and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than a thousand dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on the subject. This brief article contains all that is essential."

CAUSE OF THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.—It is generally supposed that the blue color of the sky is due to moisture in our atmosphere, and the idea seems to be confirmed by the intensity of the color during the moist weather of summer, when compared with the sky on the more dry weather of winter. It has recently been shown by Professor Cook, of Cambridge, in a paper read to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, that this view is correct. He has found by means of the spectroscope, a very delicate instrument of analysis, by which the most minute substances, even when at a distance, can be detected, that the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere absorbs most powerfully the yellow and red rays emanating from the sun, leaving the blue rays to be transmitted, and thus accounting for the color of the sky. The instrument also proves that the color is due to simple absorption of these rays by the water, and not to repeated reflections from the surface of an infinity of drops, as has been supposed.

NOT SO MUCH BAD TEMPER AS BAD DIGESTION.—May it not be well for mothers who are often puzzled in trying to overcome faults in the disposition of their children, to pay more attention to dietary rules as an aid to discipline? A somewhat eccentric professor used to warn his students in theology to beware of sour bread, for it would surely show itself in their sermons. Acidity of the stomach and of the temper he believed to be intimately connected. Dr. Beecher, speaking of his boyhood, says: "I used to have the heart-burn after eating puddings and pies, and Aunt Benton had a notion I was weakly. 'Lyman,' she would say, 'won't you go into the milk-room and get a piece of cake? You don't look well.'" He used frequently to interpret the gloomy experiences of Christians by a reference to the same principles we have stated. He once exclaimed, as he laid down the memoirs of a pious but melancholy minister, "Oh, why will they print out all the horrors of a man's dyspepsia!"

☞ It is asserted that during a recent storm in Wisconsin the lightning was seen to strike into the lake in the vicinity of Madison, and masses of ice, two feet in thickness were hurled hundreds of feet in the air, and the latent heat set free by the change of vapor to liquid, was so great as to raise the temperature from below the freezing point to that in summer (72 degrees,) and preserved it there for nearly 24 hours.

☞ The Belfast Age tells of three young women in that city who recently found themselves in a lock-up, with but little chance of being bailed out. They were setting a house to rights and entering a wine-closet in the cellar, the door, which has a spring lock, swung to and fastened them in! *For five hours* they were shut up in this closet, dark as Erebus, with no person about the premises or within sound of their voices. At length they succeeded in wrenching the door from its hinges, and escaped from their dark, damp prison.

☞ The last time we rode in a horse-car on Sunday morning, the passengers included four clergymen belonging to three denominations. With the exception of talking rather loud, they behaved as well as the rest of the passengers.—*Transcript.*

Dr. Smith and the Quaker.

Dr. Robert Smith was settled at Pequea, Pennsylvania, in 1850, where he continued to preach and also to teach in his Classical Academy until his death, which occurred about the year 1793. A near neighbor of Dr. Smith was a Quaker, or Friend, whose name, although often mentioned to me, now escapes my recollection. I will assume it to be William Jones. Dr. Smith and Mr. Jones were very good friends, and often visited each other. One day Dr. Smith said—

"Friend Jones, I notice that although we are good friends and neighbors, yet I have never seen you at my church, or meeting-house, as you call it."

"That is very true, friend Robert, but thee knows the reason. We Quakers, as we are called, are not in favor of a hireling ministry, who are educated especially for that purpose. We favor those who preach only by the Spirit."

"Well," says the doctor, "without entering upon the first point of your objection at present, I think I can say that we Presbyterians follow the teachings of the Spirit in our sermons to the people."

"Oh, no, friend Robert! thee knows very well that thee preparest thy discourse before thee enters the pulpit."

"That is quite true to some extent, but nevertheless, I can preach without such previous preparation."

"Well, then," said the Quaker, "I will try thee; I will go to hear thee preach, on this condition, namely, that I will give thee a text, which thee must not see until thee goes into the pulpit."

"I accept the offer," says Dr. Smith.

"Very well, then, I will go to thy meeting-house next First-day, and will send up the sexton after thee has made the long prayer which I learn thee makes."

"That is not quite what I expected when you made the proposition," says Dr. Smith, "but I accept it; and will expect to see you at the Pequea church next Sunday morning."

Dr. Smith entered his pulpit the next Sabbath with some anxiety. A glance over the congregation showed him that his Quaker neighbor was there; and at the appointed time he expected the text. He commenced in usual manner, and after the "long prayer" he commenced a very long psalm. I believe it was not the 119th Psalm *throughout*, but it was quite a long psalm. As the precentor—a fine singer—rose, the sexton came up the aisle, and handed the preacher the text. It was from the book of Ezra, first chapter, and the latter clause of the ninth verse: "NINE AND-TWENTY KNIVES." "A sharp as well as hard text," thought the doctor. The singing of the long psalm gave him a few minutes for reflection; when that ended, he arose and announced his text, and noticed many a smile upon the faces of his congregation. Even some venerable elders could not preserve the usual solemnity of their countenances. But the preacher proceeded with his discourse. He spoke briefly of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon; of their condition there; the proclamation of Cyrus; of the wonderful preservation of the utensils of the Temple which had been taken from Jerusalem by the conquerors of Judea; none of the knives which were used for slaying and preparing the sacrifices were lost, mislaid, or destroyed. They were, said Dr. Smith, under the special care and protection of God, and were in due time restored to the Temple. He then enlarged upon the special providence of God. "Not a sparrow falls without His notice," and "The very hairs of our head are numbered." "The Lord knows them that are His, and none of them shall perish."

The Quaker was not only pleased, but he was aroused and delighted. The next day he sent for Dr. Smith to dine with him. After dinner he invited Dr. Smith to take a walk around his farm, and coming to a pasture-field in which were his cattle, he stopped abruptly, and said,—

"I was much pleased with thy discourse, friend Robert, last First day. Now thee knows we follow our leader, George Fox, who bore his testimony against a hireling ministry; we never pay our public friends, but we sometimes give them presents. I have many good milch cows. I wish thee to select one for thyself."

Dr. Smith wished to decline the gift, but the Quaker insisted, and said,—

"I will be offended at thee if thee refuses."

The doctor having noticed a very small and ill-looking cow, said

"Well, if I must take one of the cows, I will take that small red cow," pointing to the one he had noticed, and which he supposed the least valuable.

"Well, I do *profess*," said Friend Jones, "thee does not only *preach* by the Spirit, but thee can *choose by the Spirit*; that little red cow is the best one I have; my wife would not sell it for a hundred dollars, but thee shall have it."

And accordingly, the same evening, the little cow was driven to the "Manse," and proved to be a valuable acquisition to the dominie's dairy.

A New Idea.

A writer in the London Mechanic's Magazine has the following singular plan for rendering vessels unsinkable:—

"When any part of a vessel gives way and admits the water, the usual remedy is to pump it out as quickly as possible, either by manual power, or, in the case of steamers, by steam-power, and great importance is often attached to the power of steam-pumps, which, however, are oft found useless in the hour of danger. Supposing a serious leak to have occurred, then follows the fight of the crew and passengers for life against the enemy. At one time the crew may gain a little, and at another the water gains a slight advantage; and unhappily this miserable and exhausting battle is not by any means an uncommon occurrence. It seems to me that the whole system of endeavoring to keep down the water by any kind of pump is radically wrong in principle, for by pumping out the water space is left for more to come in. The true remedy is to pump air into the vessel, whereby each gallon forced in is a clear gain to the stability of the vessel, and leaves so much less space for the water to occupy. A very little exertion in this way would soon render a vessel of 1,000 tons perfectly safe from foundering, without reference to the size of the leak, which might increase sufficiently to let the engines and boilers fall through the bottom of the vessel, without in the slightest degree adding to the danger of the vessel's sinking.

"I therefore propose that all passenger vessels should be compelled to carry such a number of air-tight flexible bags as, when inflated in the different parts of the ship under the decks, would by their bulk prevent the vessel from sinking, even if the water had free access. The expense would not be a very large item, and nothing in comparison with the value of the sense of security to the passengers, and, therefore, of higher passage-money. An iron vessel without compartments, laden with stone or iron, if protected in this manner, would be just as safe from sinking by having a hole knocked into her bottom as a timber-laden ship. The bags, of (say) from twenty to fifty or more gallons, could be kept permanently filled with air in all vacant spaces of the ship not required to be visited during the voyage, and, upon the appearance of danger, other bags could be inflated in proper positions in the cabins or elsewhere, until the bulk occupied was more than sufficient to support the ship. A bump on the rocks leaving a large hole in the ship's bottom, provided the vessel did not break up her decks, would not then be of any moment. In the case of steamers the bags could be filled with air forced in by the steam in a few minutes.

"In some experiments lately tried on the Thames in propelling a large boat with air without machinery, I forced into the water, by aid of the steam from a 1 horse power boiler, about 1,000 gallons of air a minute, and obtained a speed of three miles an hour through the water. If the London had been properly fitted upon the above plan, the steam from the boiler of her donkey engine would have rendered her perfectly safe from foundering in a few minutes."

Chinese Gardening.

The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have always been famed for their skill in all matters appertaining to flowers and shrubs, and the recent account written by Dr. D. F. Rennie, of "Pekin and the Pekinese," fully bears out what has been already stated of their gardening knowledge; in fact, I believe we may gain a wrinkle or two from them. Their mode of removing trees, for instance, seems superior, the mould being kept in contact with the roots by means of matting, bound round with a straw rope, is a decided advantage; neither mattings nor ropes are removed, but allowed to decay away gradually. It seems that this aids in supplying extra nutriment to the roots.

A very charming account is given by this author of a flower show at Pekin—a show which apparently would not have disgraced our own country; so well were the flowers and shrubs disposed round the courtyards of the temple in which the exhibition was held. The pomegranates, the roses, the passion-flowers, all grown in pots and trained on millet-stalk frames, must have been charming; and the asters, nasturtiums, and oseil, much more lovely than our own. A curious cedar tree is also mentioned, which is said to be upwards of a thousand years old. It shook from the trunk upwards when a particular branch was touched. There is a tablet in the Temple of Gillotong containing a sonnet on the "moving tree," written by no less illustrious a personage than the Brother of the Sun and Moon—the Emperor Keenlung.—*H. E. Watney.*

Fear and Cholera.

Since the appearance of the Asiatic cholera, we have published several articles in regard to it, the design of which was to prevent the spread of the epidemic. We have recommended cleanliness, temperance, and, above all, a cheerful state of mind. Fear does more mischief than any thing else. When the cholera was raging at Dumfries, Scotland, a little over thirty years ago, to such an extent that every third person was seized, Mr. Carlyle called his domestics together and thus addressed them: "It is indisputable that the cholera is raging near us. It turns people blue and kills them. It may kill us. It is a comfort to know that all it can do with us is to kill us. All we have to do is to go on, each of us doing his or her proper work, and avoiding those things which are conducive to cholera, chief of which is the *fear* of it. Therefore, if my authority passes for any thing, the word cholera will not be again mentioned in this household." All were made stronger by these words, and the cholera passed by them.

☞ Rome was never so crowded as at present. There are more than *four hundred ladies and two hundred gentlemen* from the United States.

☞ There is in Geneva, Western New York, a woman about 45 years old, who was formerly as black as the man in Virginia—that is, as black as tar. Within the last six years she has become entirely white. She is in good health and works at cooking and washing. Her hair still remains curled as before. She is a respectable woman, and is well known in Geneva, and many persons recollect her when she was entirely black.

☞ A singular wedding came off in Dedham jail near Boston, not long since. Two men were imprisoned for assault upon a German woman. To prevent her testimony, one of them proposed to marry her, and the ceremony was performed, the couple not joining hands, but answering the questions of the justice from distant parts of the jail rotunda. It was a sharp dodge of the defendant's counsel, who saw no other way of escape for his client.

☞ ADVICE.—Always mind your dots in writing. A married officer on arriving at the Curragh, whither he had been ordered to join his regiment, wrote to his wife that he had "formed a connection with a very agreeable mess, and expected to spend the summer very pleasantly." Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the letter e in the word mess. Only think of it!

☞ PUSH AHEAD.—Wo to him who looks [illegible] in this age of push. He is a pigmy among Samsons. The little life he has in him is sure to be trampled out. Onward is the word, and the vigorous marchers are pioneers. They time their steps to the quick beating of their own hearts, and keep moving while the pulse-throbs last.

☞ A negro man was attacked and eaten up by wolves in Arkansas, a short time since. He had defended himself with a knife which he had used in slaughtering hogs, and killed five wolves before he was overpowered.

☞ Jenkins thus described the hangings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite kephaloneia on her head, while her train was composed of transparent [illegible], and her petticoat of [illegible] flounced with Brussels three-ply of A No. 1."

☞ In Paris the mesalliances of the noble faubourg are at present the subject of various criticisms. The young Duc de Brenne is marrying a fortune made out of sugar, on the strength of which his less successful competitors congratulate him on getting the most refined young person in Paris for a wife.

☞ Mormonism was thirty-six years old on the 6th of April last.

The Future.

You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you. I will wind up with a small bit of verse that is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has the tone of a modern psalm in it in some measure. It is sweet and clear—the clearest of skeptical men had not anything like so clear a mind as that man had—freer from cant and misdirected notion of any kind than any man in these ages has been. This is what the poet says:—

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow;
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us—Onward!

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark portal;
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Come phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds and the Ages;
Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not!

One last word, "Wir heissen euch hoffen"—we bid you be of hope.—*Carlyle at Edinburgh.*

Irish Hovels.

At last the wayfarer reaches the grand gateway. Within is a beautiful park, with soft, green grass, and well-swept avenues, and glowing rhododendrons and laburnums, and fine old elms and beeches, with their branches drooping richly to the ground. Outside these is a miserable village, composed of a hundred mud hovels, huddled together like the huts of the Fellah-Arabs, built out of the slime of the Nile. The park is a green velvet robe, the village is a miserable draggled skirt appended thereto. Let us enter one of these cabins—not one of the worst, such as those of Connaught, often barely five feet high; nor yet such dens as we have seen in Donegal, where the floor was a heap of decaying seaweed, replaced by the wretched inhabitants, as they needed to crawl in or out of their abode. We would speak of an ordinary Irish cabin of mud and thatch, with one room, or two, as the case may be. Look at it, and say whether it be a home, or only a lair, and whether the tendrils of those gentle feelings which cluster round a home, can cling to those black mud walls. It is not that the place is so poor—that does not constitute its character of abandoned squalor. A Swiss chalet, built of a few dozen logs of pine from the forest hard by, probably costs less to build than the cabin. But compare the two—the chalet (say one in the remoter valleys of the Vaudois, or the Valais,) with its attempt at carvings, its little plot of hardy flowers, and its inscription praying that all who dwell therein may reach the "*grand salut eternel*," and the Irish cabin, with its mud wall half whitewashed, its broken window stuffed with some worn-out garment, its unpainted door, fastened like that of a cow-shed, with a padlock, its dark chambers within, with their straw beds laid down on the damp mud floor; the fowls among the rafters, and the swine crouching beside the bed.

A PHYSICIAN'S BILL.—A physician's bill, *sui generis*, is thus noticed in Trübner's Record. The late Dr. Henry Bigelow, on one occasion, after having given his professional services to a family whose head had once been dear and kind to him, was asked for his bill, when he presented the following:—

Henry Bigelow
To the memory of ——,

	Dr.	Cr.
Item.—To	many grateful recollections	By my professional services rendered the family by me
Mem.—	"I was a stranger and ye took me in."	
Item.—To	sundry manifestations.	Bal.—Commend me
	Do., higher aspirations.	
Mem.—	"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright."	

Sincerely acknowledges,
HENRY BIGELOW.

☞ A western critic, in speaking of a new play, says:—"The unities are admirably observed; the dullness, which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment until the curtain falls."

☞ How men can be induced to work in powder mills seems to be a mystery. At any price the risk of life is too great to be hazarded. Yet there are plenty of applications, and the prices, it is said, are not on an average over $2 a day.

☞ A celebrated composer wrote to a friend, requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; *key of G*." His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the composer's house for a luncheon at *One Sharp.—London Orchestra.*

☞ WHO INVENTED THE HOOP SKIRT?—The credit for the invention of the hoop belongs, it is said, to Angelique Millet, a poor French peasant girl, who took the idea from her hen-coops. She patented the invention and got rich.

☞ Western jails are remarkable institutions. A young man in jail at Centreville, Ohio, charred the wood of the door casing with a candle the other night until he could unfasten the staple, opened the door, roamed about town for a couple of hours, came back to his cell and went to sleep. His excuse for coming out was that he wanted to find out what was the matter.

☞ The force of gunpowder is due to the presence of nitre, which forms 75 per cent. of its composition. A mixture of nitre and charcoal alone possesses great explosive power.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about [illegible] head. The prices realized from 12@17½c ℔ lb. [illegible] Cows brought from [illegible] to [illegible] ℔ head. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from 6½@7½c ℔ lb. [illegible] Hogs sold at from $13.50@15.50 ℔ 100 lbs.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and ground skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Mademoiselle Vestvali, Miss D P Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar powders, pomades and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar26-3m

LARGE PROFITS

Can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock of the best quality are furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St. Boston. Send for price list. my12-6t

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London"	The most	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Reliable Hair	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Restorative.	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"

For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. my28-eow1f

From the Lebanon Star.

Dr. Scott, the proprietor and editor of the *Lebanon Star*, is a prominent physician, and State legislator.

"PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the old and well-known remedy, which has acquired a world-wide renown for the cure of sudden colds, coughs, etc., weak stomach, general debility, nursing sore mouth, cankered mouth or throat, liver complaint, dyspepsia or indigestion, cramp and pain in the stomach, bowel complaint, painters' colic, Asiatic cholera, diarrhea and dysentery, has lost none of its good name by repeated trials; but continues to occupy a prominent position in every family medicine chest." my19-2t

TAKE AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purify the blood and purge out the humors, pimples, boils and sores which are merely emblems of the corruption within. my19-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—With these marvellous remedies on hand the sick need not despair. No disease from dyspepsia, pulmonary affections, nervous disorders to ulcers, scrofula, piles and fistulas, however obstinate or of however long duration, can ultimately resist their action. Sold everywhere.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been dull. About 500 bbls sold in lots, including 300 bbls Northwest extra family at from $10@11,30 ⅌ bbl for common to fancy. The retailers are buying in lots at prices ranging from $7.50@8.25 for superfine; $8,75@9 for extra; $10@11,50 for Northwest extra family; $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@16 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour, 400 bbls sold in lots at $9 ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has fallen off; sales reach about 20,000 bus at $2 20@2,45 for common to fair reds; $2 50@2,65 for good to prime, and $2,70 ⅌ bus for choice, including 6000 bus of spring Wheat at $2 07@2.20, and white at $2 50@3 ⅌ bus, as to quality. Rye, 1500 bus Penna sold at $1,90@1,92 ⅌ bus. Corn, 27,000 bus prime yellow sold in lots at from [illegible]. Oats, 25 000 bus Penna and Delaware sold at from 82@87c ⅌ bus.

PROVISIONS.—There is a fair business doing at about former rates, with sales of new Mess Pork at $31,50@33 ⅌ bbl; Bacon Hams at 17@18c for plain and fancy bagged, pickled do at 15½@16, salt Shoulders at 12½@13½c, and Lard in bbls and tcs at 15@16c ⅌ lb. Butter, sales of roll at 25@30c, the latter rate for choice; solid at 17@25c. Cheese, sales old New York Factory at 20c, and new at 17c. Eggs sell at 18@19c ⅌ dozen.

COTTON.—About 1800 bales of Middlings sold in lots, at from 80@82c ⅌ lb, closing at 80@82 ⅌ lb.

BARK.—Small sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron are reported at $40 ⅌ ton.

BEESWAX.—Yellow sells at 60@62c ⅌ lb.

COAL.—Cargo sales are making at from $5@5.25 for White Ash, and $5,25@5,75 ⅌ ton for Red Ash, according to quality.

COFFEE.—About 600 bags of Rio sold at 39@41c, and 80 bags of Laguayra at 42½c ⅌ lb, gold.

FEATHERS.—Prime Western are quoted at 80@85c ⅌ lb.

FRUIT.—We quote Green Apples at $3@7; new dried do from 17 to 20c, and old do from 12 to 15c.

HOPS.—There is a firm feeling in the market for new Eastern and Western, but old are dull. We quote the former at 60@75 for inferior and choice.

PLASTER.—A cargo of soft sold at $4.75 ⅌ ton.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed continues very dull. About 300 bus sold, in lots, at from $8.25@8.75 ⅌ bus for fair to prime. Timothy we quote at $3.50@3 ⅌ bus. Flaxseed—Small sales are reported at $3,50@3 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum continues dull at $1,20@2.25 ⅌ gallon. Whiskey—275 bbls of Pennsylvania sold at $1,28@1.30, small lots of refined at $1,27@1,30, and 300 bbls of Ohio at $1.27@1,30 ⅌ gallon.

SUGAR.—1100 hhds of Cuba sold at 18½@20¼c ⅌ lb, currency; 150 hhds Sagua at 9⅛c, gold; 200 hhds and 50 bbls of Porto Rico at 9⅞c, gold; and 175 boxes at 17¼c ⅌ lb, currency.

TALLOW.—200,000 lbs Butchers' Association sold at 13c, and country at 11@11¼c ⅌ lb.

WOOL.—Sales comprise about 120,000 lbs, in lots, at from 80@90 for common to medium fleece, and 87@95c ⅌ lb for common to fine, according to quality.

New Book for the Cornet.

ARBUCKLE'S CORNET METHOD.

Compiled partly from JONES, KOENIG, LEVY and others, containing Complete, Progressive Instructions, followed by a series of Exercises, Lessons, Studies, and Arrangements from the best modern Operas. By MATHEW ARBUCKLE. Price $3. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
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75 PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents. Address A. C. GORDON, Mt. Union, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents.
my13-3m E. E. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Alex. Reed, D. D., JOSEPH A. MORRILL, M. D., of New York, to HARRIET E., daughter of the late Thompson Black, of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Thos. L. Murphy, Mr. EDWIN F. FORD to Miss MARY A. SHOBE, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. John W. Jackson, Mr. J. H. BIRDSALL to Miss LOUISA MITCHELL, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. T. J. Allen, Mr. E. CHARLES FLINT to Miss LIZZY F. BARNARD, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Cooper, Mr. JACOB B. THOMPSON to Miss ELIZA J. B. STILLWELL, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. L. B. Madden, Mr. THOMAS LOWANS to Miss MARY C. WELSH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM, son of Daniel B. and Mary A. Myers, aged 22 years.

On the 13th instant, DEBORAH, relict of the late John Pearson.

On the 13th instant, RICHARD BELL, in his 23d year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE STANWOOD, in her 75th year.

On the 12th instant, SARAH H. PASCHALL, in her 88th year.

On the 10th instant, JAMES [illegible], in his 67th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MILLY A. HINCKMAN, in her 80th year.

On the 11th instant, THOMAS DALY, Sr., in his 67th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. SARAH ALLMOND, in her 88th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan30-eow1y Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

PROFESSOR MORRIS' AZUMEA,

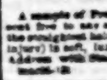
THE PREMIUM YEAST, OR BAKING POWDER,

Manufactured by E. MOCKRIDGE & CO.,
No. 68 NORTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

On page 473 of Parrish's Pharmacy it is said of the essential ingredients that enter into the composition of the AZUMEA, "That many dyspeptics who cannot tolerate fresh light cakes when raised with yeast, can eat them with impunity when raised in this way;" and in view of the healthfulness of the ingredients, recommends their general use.

The Azumea makes the finest BREAD, BISCUIT, ROLLS, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS, PIE-CRUST, DUMPLINGS, PUDDING, &c., possible; recipes for which can be had together with a sample by sending a stamped envelope, with *full* address of applicant thereon. Bread is made in the simplest manner. It has the following advantages over yeast or fermented bread:—It can be made and baked in one hour from the time of first handling the flour. It will be moist and pleasant to eat four days after baking; it is easy of digestion, excellent for persons suffering from dyspepsia; retains all gluten, starch and sugar contained in the flour; and therefore produces 1 lb. 12 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, while yeast produces only 1 lb. 8 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, thus obtaining about 27 lbs. more of bread from a barrel of flour, which, with the saving of yeast, will about balance the cost of the Azumea.

This excellent article sold by over 200 grocers of Philadelphia, has justly obtained two first-class diplomas. my19-1t



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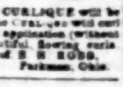

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
mar26-12t Parkman, Ohio.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 30 Cents. Three for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. mar5-7t

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. my14-3m

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 80, Albany, N. Y. mar26-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Head-dresses, patterns for Knitting, Crochet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Beebe, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the news-dealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
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Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is noiseless in operation, uses the straight needle, and works horizontal, sews with Double or Single Thread of all kinds. Makes the Running-stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each revolution of the Wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c. &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the premium at State Fairs, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the only low priced sewing machine that has received a premium, or that is patented.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. Safe delivery guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
jan23-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

$20. BAKER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.—We want agents, male and female to introduce the unrivalled and best selling $20 sewing Machine in the world. It will hem, fell, stitch, quilt, bind, and embroider beautifully. Every Machine warranted for five years. A liberal salary or commission paid. For further particulars address F. C. LATHROP, 849 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. my3-6t

$25 Bartlett Sewing Machine. $25

LICENSED under patents of Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, and Singer Co.'s, and the only Cheap Machine in the United States, having the right to use the Wheeler & Wilson or four motion Under-Feed.

We want Agents to sell them. Will pay $60 to $100 per month or allow large Commissions. Will send Machines, to be paid for when sold. For Circulars, Terms, &c., enclose stamp and address

PAGE BROTHERS,
General Agents,
at either of our offices, Philadelphia Pa., Toledo, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

"Sews with double or single thread."—Scientific American. ap7-3t

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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The Great Strengthening Tonic!

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE,
ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
[illegible] Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the Culturist, No. 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says that it was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,

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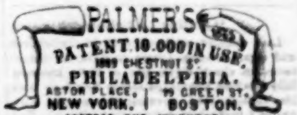
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.)

Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. [illegible]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These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-ly

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with	
Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	64
No. 2 Machine, with	
Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100
No. 1 Machine, with	
Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see *Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
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SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of the Evening Trains.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	[illegible]	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	[illegible]	"
FAST LINE	"	[illegible]	M.
PARKESBURG	"	[illegible]	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	[illegible]	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	[illegible]	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	[illegible]	"
ERIE MAIL*	"	[illegible]	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	"	[illegible]	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS‡	at	[illegible]	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	"	[illegible]	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	[illegible]	"
PARKESBURG	"	[illegible]	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	[illegible]	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	[illegible]	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	"	[illegible]	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	[illegible]	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	[illegible]	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

TICKET OFFICES

Have been opened at the 631 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House, where Tickets may be procured to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as the West, Northwest, and Southwest, and full particulars given as to time and connections, by [illegible], Ticket Agent.

The Ticket Office at West Philadelphia will be continued as heretofore, where all information in regard to routes as well as Tickets, can be had on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, No. 137 Dock Street.

Freckles, Tan and Pimples.

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." [illegible] S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. [illegible]

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Selling" a Fellow.

Last summer, while engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I used to have for a customer in cheap cigars one of these knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than advancing science. You couldn't make him believe that—O, no! Tell him they were regalia cigars that cost $40 per thousand!—it might do to stuff down the throats of those who knew no better; he was none of them. And so it was with everything; he always knew best. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject, in order to hear himself hold forth. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him, but at last I did succeed in laying him out as flat as a flounder.

It was on Saturday afternoon; he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself to deal me out his usual portion; but I was awake for him.

"Captain," said I, "I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go into a speculation, now is your time."

"As how?" said he.

"Why, you see them fifteen boxes of cigars? Well, there are two hundred and fifty in each box, and I will let you have the whole fifteen at a low rate, providing you take them all."

"Very well," said my friend, "let's hear the conditions."

"You give me one cent for the first box, two for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, double up on every box."

"Done!" said he; "fetch on your cigars. S'pose you think I haven't money enough—eh?"

"Not at all; so let's proceed; here's the first box."

He drew out from his pocket a leathern purse, and took out of it a handful of coin.

"And here's the cent," said he, depositing a green, discolored copper on the counter.

"Here's your second box."

"And here's your two cents."

"Very well; here's your third box."

"And here's your four cents, said he, chuckling.

"Here's your fourth box."

"Exactly; and here's your eight cents. Ha! ha! ha! old fellow! go on!"

"Here's your fifth box," said I, handing down another.

"And here's your sixteen cents."

"Here's your sixth box."

"And—ha! ha! ha! here's your thirty-two cents."

Here's your seventh box."

"And here—ha! by Jove, the joke is getting too rich—and here's your sixty-four cents, and nearly half of your cigars are gone."

"Here's your eighth box," said I, assuming a cool indifference that perfectly astonished the fellow.

"And here's your dollar and twenty-eight cents."

"Here's your ninth box."

"And here's your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents."

"Here's your tenth box."

Here he drew his wallet thoughtfully, and on the slate made a small calculation.

"And here's your five dollars and twelve cents."

"Here's your eleventh box."

"And here's your—twice five is ten, twice twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents."

At this stage of the game he got quite docile, and I continued:

"Here's your twelfth box; hand over twenty dollars and *forty-eight* cents."

Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrowfat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sum.

"Here's your thirteenth box; fork over your forty dollars and ninety-six cents."

At this crisis he looked perfectly wild. The sweat was pouring off him in streams, and the tobacco-juice was running out of his mouth.

"F-o-r-t-y n-i-n-e-t-y-six. If I do I do, but if I do I will be hanged, I will!"

A Tame Eagle.

A Shelburne Falls correspondent sends the following:—

In a thriving town of C——, not far from the falls of Genesee, lives Mr. E., who was so unfortunate as to lose his wife by death, and who, feeling very lonely, went to a Western city and married a woman named Eagle, the bridegroom returning with her to his home in C——.

One evening a few days after his return, as a party of us were seated in the reading-room of the Webster House, one of us asked Frank B. if he had seen Mr. E.'s tame eagle that he had brought from the West.

"No," was Frank's eager reply. "Has he got one?"

"Yes," answered the other; "a fine bird. You should see it."

Frank said no more, but soon left the room, and made his way at once to Mr. E.'s house. Rapping at the door, his summons was answered by the gentleman himself, whom Frank accosted with,—

"Mr. E., I hear that you have brought an eagle from the West, and I want to take a look at it."

"Certainly," said Mr. E., politely. "Walk in."

Leading him to the sitting-room, where a lady sat engaged in sewing, he continued,—

"Mr. B., my wife, formerly Miss Eagle."

Frank did not stay long, saying he had an urgent call down street.

Several "Whats."

What is *fashion*? Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

What is wit? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on [illegible], or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.

What is joy? To count your money and find it overrun one hundred dollars.

What is conscience? Something that a guilty man feels every time it thunders.

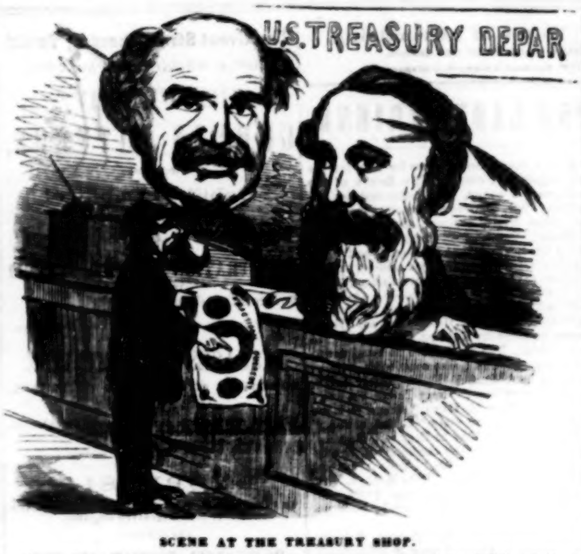
What is contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud.

A V-Toe.—"Pa," said an interesting juvenile, the other day, to his indulgent sire—"Pa, haven't I got a vote as well as the President?"

"No, my child."

"Yes, I have, Pa; my fifth toe is a V-toe, I reckon."

"Take that child to his mother—he's ruined!"



SCENE AT THE TREASURY SHOP.

Seeker After Celebrity.—"Say, Mister, what are your terms for printing folks' portraits on your currency? I see most everybody's getting his picture on."

Mr. Cla–k.—"We should be happy to oblige you, but I'm sorry to say they've shut down on us at head-quarters, and we've got to give up the business."

WHAT IS EARTH?

What is earth, sexton? A place to dig graves.
What is earth, rich man? A place to work slaves.
What is earth, greybeard? A place to grow old.
What is earth, miser? A place to dig gold.
What is earth, school boy? A place for my play.
What is earth, maiden? A place to be gay.
What is earth, sempstress? A place where I weep.
What is earth, sluggard? A place to sleep.
What is earth, soldier? A place to battle.
What is earth, herdsman? A place to raise cattle.
What is earth, widow? A place for true sorrow.
What is earth, tradesman? I'll tell you to-morrow.
What is earth, sick man? 'Tis nothing to me.
What is earth, sailor? My home is the sea.
What is earth, statesman? A place to win fame.
What is earth, author? I'll write there my name.
What is earth, monarch? For my realm 'tis given.
What is earth, Christian? The gateway to Heaven.

Suggestive Text.—In New Jersey was lately located a preacher, whose modesty never deterred him from urging upon his congregation liberal subscriptions of money for all church and benevolent purposes. In his private solicitations, he one day met a good, but eccentric member, who for a long time steadfastly refused his aid to an object the preacher was solicitous to secure. At last importunity triumphed conditionally. He agreed to contribute on condition of being allowed to choose the text from which the preacher's funeral sermon should be preached. The matter being thus settled, the minister wanted to know what the text was. His friend answered: "*And the beggar died!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What Draining Does.

Just over there in Oxford are situated two farms of ninety acres and a fraction each, side by side, as like as two bricks—i. e. in shape—originally very like a green, unburned brick—decidedly damp and clayey—low, level, cold, wet, and so they came into the possession of their present proprietors by inheritance, nineteen years ago, capable of producing maximum crops of yellow daisies, bull rushes and wild wire grass—not much else.

Four generations had stepped through life on these two farms. Luckily, the parties from whom the present proprietors inherited lived elsewhere, and had about $800, besides the usual stock and implements needed, to bequeath with the farms; and thus Mr. Peter Progress and his neighbor Sam Slow, young men, just married, and about equal in wealth, education and industry, came into possession of and began life on these two Oxford farms one day in August nineteen years ago.

After a consultation together as to the manner of opening the campaign, Sam said he was going to invest $300 of his cash and all his available team force, and put in twenty acres of wheat.

Peter thought all their land on both farms was too wet and cold for wheat, or any other crop. So he was going to invest $800 for drains and one hundred for manures, and wait another year for his crop. Sam didn't believe in ditches and drains—never saw a mite of good of the things. And Peter didn't believe in planting corn or sowing wheat in a swamp. So they differed, and each went at it his own way.

With one hired team and two hired men, working bravely himself all the while, Sam got in, in good season and condition, sixteen acres of wheat, and got through with about $300 in cash, counting his own time and team in, say $400 altogether, and the neighbors all said: "There's a farmer for you. He'll come up in the world—Sam Slow will."

Peter fell to digging himself, and employed two stout diggers to assist him, and expending $800 besides his own labor, by the time winter set in he had twelve acres under-drained and "broken up," and six more open ditched for meadow.

Peter Progress planted his under-drained twelve acres in corn. From the six acres he obtained something more than sixteen tons of good hay. His corn averaged ninety bushels to the acre, and by a correct account kept, leaving out the cost of draining, which of course was a permanent investment, and counting the "fodder" at the lowest quantity and price, two tons per acre, and $5 per ton, Peter found that his corn crop had cost him a fraction less than nineteen cents a bushel, and it happened that year to be worth seventy-five cents.

Sam's wheat turned out—he guessed about eleven bushels to the acre, and wheat was worth just an even hundred cents per bushel. And then his land was just as much a *swale* as ever.

Sam Slow hadn't half enough hay off of his farm to carry his stock through the winter. Peter Progress had his twenty odd tons of corn fodder, and four tons of hay, with what roots he had grown, would carry his stock through to grass, and he had twelve tons of hay to sell at $16 per ton, and five tons of it Sam bought to starve his stock through on.

That's the way Peter got ahead and Sam behindhand, and that is the way they have come along through life ever since. Sam has never had time or means to cut a *drain*—never been able to produce paying crops—his farm still a swamp—while Peter's is a garden, and Peter prosperous. Peter Progress says that $800 expended in draining has drained every acre of his farm without any further cost, besides paying him a hundred per cent. per annum ever since.

All but the names, the case is a real one.

Field Peas.

Go among farmers anywhere much south of the limits of New York, and talk about "field peas," and you will have them staring, very likely interrupting you with: "Why, what do you mean by field peas—raising peas out in the field? Never heard of such a thing."

Well, it is true. There are a great many thousands of good farmers in the United States who have never heard of peas being cultivated as a field crop. They would be better farmers, and better off, if they would hear of it, and put pea culture in practice as a part of their agricultural economy every year.

The common field pea grown in Canada, New England, and the State of New York, is perfectly hardy, subject to fewer dangers of climate and insect pests than any of our cereals, as a crop, either for market or home consumption, always as remunerative as any of our grain or root crops, and as a natural fertilizer is equal to the best of our leguminous plants.

Boiled semi-soft, and mixed with fine cut hay, straw or roots, there is no more palatable or wholesome food for winter feeding of sheep and horned cattle; boiled softer, and fed to poultry, peas will induce laying and are capital fattening food. Boiled peas will, pound for pound, put pork on a pig faster than corn, and pork just as sweet and solid too.

For food for humanity, counting fairly by weight, peas thoroughly and properly cooked afford more true man-making material than anything else that we eat. The relative value of various kinds of food has been so clearly established by an army of able chemists, that we know to a nicety which is which, and what they are. Making wheat the standard, we have the relative value of the most common articles of diet standing thus:

Wheat—	85	per cent. of food proper.
Bread—	80	" "
Beans—	90	" "
Peas—	93	" "
Barley—	80	" "
Rice—	90	" "
Meat—average	34	" "
Potatoes—	25	" "
Carrots—	14	" "
Turnips—	8	" "

Thus it will be seen that peas have the lead, and taking all the merits of the crop into consideration, every farmer in the country would be the gainer by putting in a five acre pea field every year.

Gathered Grains.

——Southern cotton planters will lose from two to three weeks of the best cotton-growing season from bad seed and delay in replanting.

——In the upland regions of Louisiana and Mississippi the *Buffalo gnats* are Exterminating horses and mules at an alarming rate. In some districts they kill them off at the rate of twenty head per day on a single plantation. So say the southern papers.

——The *Freedman's Bureau* people in Arkansas report that they believe from 30 to 40,000 persons, white and black, have perished in that State of starvation and destitution. And this way we are spending $400,000 a year for lager beer.

——The Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* says that on days when government rations are to be drawn, as many as three hundred white women, many of them barefooted and in rags, may be seen about the commissary department waiting their [illegible], many of them having walked from twenty to thirty miles.

——At Helena, in Montana, they had a cold snap last winter—mercury froze solid and remained so a whole month. People kept alive in bear skin blankets and sleeping between two big fires.

——Astronomers tell us that some very dark spots are hiding a portion of the sun's face from us this year. Be careful, farmers, and not plant your corn in the shade.

——Just a few fruit blossoms nipped by white "Jack" on the nights of the 2nd and 3rd instant. But the range of frost was not wide or severe. Every paper, and every one else we can hear from who is disposed to tell the truth, is promising us abundance of fruit of all kinds, here in Pennsylvania.

——Several people who have been down South, and lived, are telling us that the Floridians are making "south side" whiskey out of sea-grapes and palmetto berries. Sea-grapes may possibly be the wild, coast grape; but won't some one please to write us what kind of a plant "palmetto *berries*" grow on?

——On the Chippeway and *Eau Claire* rivers, away north-west, common lumbermen laborers get $4 per day and board, and a thousand more wanted. Better than Fenian fillibustering, a long way.

——Reliable accounts from Georgia say that in all the wheat regions, there is more wheat a field and looking better than ever before.

——More oil developments in California, Oregon, Texas, Cuba, and Central America—oil wells everywhere are in order. The world will be particularly petroleum at this rate in about three years more.

RECEIPTS.

Soup and Bouilli.—Eight pounds of beef, 10 carrots, 8 turnips, 8 onions (all sliced), 6 cloves, 1 teaspoonful of whole black pepper, same of allspice, and two quarts of cold water. Stew the whole together very gently for five hours. If you wish for rice or vermicelli, take a large breakfast cupful of either, and swell it in half a pint of the liquor in a small saucepan, which will take from an hour to an hour and a half. Then take out the meat and strain the soup, to which add the rice, &c., and boil for a quarter of an hour, gently shaking it to prevent burning. Add a good dessert spoonful of tomato ketchup, or a whole tomato quartered, with a pinch of cayenne pepper. The meat serve up hot, with the vegetables as garnish. Slice a small quantity of bread, very thin, into the tureen, and pour the soup boiling hot upon it.

Stewed Shoulder of Mutton.—The shoulder of mutton must not be too fat. Bone it, tie it up in a cloth, and boil it for two hours and a half. Take it up, put a little cold butter over it, and strew it thickly with bread crumbs, parsley, and thyme, pepper and salt, all properly mixed. Let it be in the oven half an hour, so that it may be perfectly browned. Serve it with lumps of currant jelly on the top, and gravy or spinach round the dish.

Omelets.—Break two eggs or more in a basin, add pepper, salt, minced parsley, a few bread crumbs, and a small piece of butter cut into little bits; beat the mixture well with a fork two or three minutes; the more it is beaten the better; then cook, and you have an *omelette aux fines herbes*—sweet herbs omelet.

2. Add to the above a small quantity of bacon, or ham, or German sausage finely minced, omitting or not the parsley, and you have *omelette au lard* (bacon omelet), or *jambon* (ham omelet), as the case may be.

3. Eggs, grated parmesan, bread crumbs, butter, with pepper and salt, produce an *omelette au fromage* (cheese omelet.)

4. Eggs, a small quantity of tomato sauce, bread crumbs, butter, minced parsley, pepper and salt, make another variety. (Fresh tomatoes may be substituted for tomato-sauce; they should be cleaned, peeled, and cut into small pieces.)

5. Eggs, a few onions or shallots cut up small, bread crumbs, butter, minced parsley, pepper and salt, give a more savory variety.

All the above can be varied, *ad infinitum*, by a skillful cook; as, for example, you may have bacon or ham with tomatoes, or tomatoes with onions or shallots, or bacon or ham with them, &c. To give an omelet the flavor of onions, or garlic, or shallots, the fryingpan may be rubbed with either of them instead of their being put into the omelet itself, and the result will be quite as satisfactory, and more so for those who do not approve of onions and the like being too prominent a feature in their food.

6. Eggs, bread crumbs, minced parsley, butter, pepper, and salt, with a few anchovies or sardines carefully cleaned, and cut into small pieces, beaten up in the usual way, make a very pleasant omelet.

French Custard.—Take one quart of milk, flavor it with the peel of about half a small lemon, pared very thin, and sweetened to taste with white sugar. Boil it, and leave it to get quite cold. Then blend with it three dessert spoonsful of fine flour, and two eggs well beaten. Simmer it until it is of the proper thickness, stirring it the whole time. Pour into cups, or a custard dish.

Bath Buns.—Rub 1 lb. of fine flour and ½ lb. of butter together with the hand; beat up six eggs and add to the flour, also a tablespoonful of good yeast. Mix all well together with half a teacupful of milk. Let the mixture remain for an hour in a warm place, and mix in 6 oz. of sifted sugar and a very few carraway seeds. Mould into buns on a baking plate, with a table-spoon; throw upon each six or eight large carraway comfits, and bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. The quantities given should make eighteen buns.

Chester Pudding.—2 oz. butter, 4 oz. white sugar, 1½ oz. of almonds blanched and pounded (6 bitter, 12 sweet), 1 lemon, the juice, and the peel grated, the yolks of 4 eggs. Put all this in a stewpan over the fire, and stir it till it nearly boils, then pour it into a pie dish lined with light pastry, and bake it. The whites of the eggs to be beaten up into snow, and put over the pudding just before it is taken out of the oven, strew a little pounded sugar over it.

Varnishing Pictures.—The process of sizing pictures with isinglass is only suitable for water-color drawings, which may require to be varnished. Oil-paintings should be well washed with water, and if very dirty, a little thin paste may be used with it, but no soap. After washing, the painting should be thoroughly dried, wiped over with a warm silk handkerchief, and varnished with the best mastic varnish. These simple directions were given by a distinguished artist.

To extract ink from colored articles, I have found dropping tallow on the stains and then soaking and rubbing the same with boiling milk, effectual.—C. H. F.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 11, 7, 13, 2, 12, 15, 7, is a sea in Europe.
My 8, 5, 16, 10, 7, is a woman's name.
My 3, 9, 7, 4, 5, is a country in Europe.
My 6, 1, 14, 9, is a root.
My 14, 4, 15, is a tree.

My whole is the name and address of a contributor of excellent enigmas to the Saturday Evening Post. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Behead me and I am what some persons do.
Again curtail, and I am a minute insect.
My 1, 4, 3, 5, is an insect that stings.
My 5, 3, 2 is a production of the woods.
My 3, 2, 5, is a production of man.
My whole is a public man.

J. GREENWOOD LINDEN.

Transposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
Transpose my 7, 17, 13, and I am a human being.
Transpose my 1, 8, 10, 4, 2, 17, 7, and I am a man's name.
Transpose my 14, 12, 6, 9, 19, 16, and I am what young ladies desire.
Transpose my 3, 9, 8, 16, and I am a girl's name.
Transpose my 5, 11, 6, 16, and I am of great use to potters.
Transpose my 4, 8, 7, 12, and I am a kind of earth.
Transpose my 8, 17, 18, 19, and I am a carriage with two wheels.
Transpose my 10, 2, 18, 19, and I am an article used in hospitals.
Transpose my 16, 12, 6, 18, and I am a period of time.
Transpose my 8, 17, 19, and I am a domestic animal.
Transpose my 8, 12, 10, 12, 15, 16, and I am an herb.
Transpose my 8, 6, 16, 17, 1, 6, 14, and I am a seedy plant.

My whole is one of the distinguished poets of the present age. C. M. B.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A coin is placed upon an equal one in a horizontal position, at random. Required—the probability that the top coin will fall off.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three different affirmative whole numbers whose sum is a 10th power:—The sum of the 1st and 2nd a square number and the square root of this square divided by 11 a 4th power; the sum of the 1st and 3rd a square number and its square root divided by 19 a 4th power; also the sum of the 2nd and 3rd a square number and its square root divided by 20 a 4th power. Finally, the sum of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd a square number and its square root divided by 21 a 4th power. Required—the numbers!

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An arc comprises one-third of a circle, and the *chord* or the distance between the extremities of the arc is 4 feet. Required—the circumference of the circle. H. R. SPINK.
Mason City, Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mental Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How much cider must that man make to fetch away 21½ barrels, after the owner of the mill receives 15 per cent. of all the cider that he has made? JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The radius of a certain sphere is 7 inches. What is the surface of a *lune* whose angle is just 34 degrees? S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ I went into the woods and got it, so I sat down to look for it, and brought it away with me because I could not find it. *Ans.*—A thorn in the finger.

☞ Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters? *Ans.*—Because they never saw.

☞ What man is keener than a razor? *Ans.*—A sharper.

☞ What part of the human frame is like a child's toy? *Ans.*—The top.

☞ Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit? *Ans.*—Because they are all in a quiver.

☞ What is the difference between the desert of Sahara and an ancient shoe? *Ans.*—One is all sand and the other sandal.

☞ Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a comb-brush? *Ans.*—Because it spoils the nap.

☞ What disease does a man resemble who takes another by the throat? *Ans.*—The collarer (cholera.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Do right. ENIGMA.—Eden. DOUBLE REBUS—Burnside and Franklin—(beef—usher—retina—nankeen—shark—idol—demi—Erin.)